THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 77. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, July 17, 1897. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 3.

SMILES AND FROWNS.

BY S. U. P.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
Toould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street.
Then folding and bolding, I'd pack them in,
And turn the monster key;
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

Decima withdrew out of the radius of the fishing line as it flew back and round in its graceful curve; and Gaunt went up to Bobby.

"Any sport?" he said, raising the lid of the basket.

Bobby nodded.

"Very fair. But they're rather small, arn't they? There's a big one just over by that bush, and I've been trying for him for the last ten minutes; but I can't get him."

"You don't quite reach him, do you?" said Gaunt.

"No, I don't," admitted Bobby; "I can throw fairly straight, but not so far as I should like; the fly falls about a yard short of where he is feeding. You try!"

Gaunt hesitated a moment, then took the rod, and threw the fly.

"Is it there? Ah, yes; I see him!"

"And have got him!" exclaimed Bobby, with a flash of excitement. "I say, what a fly you throw! That was splendid!"

Gaunt handed him the rod, but Bobby shook his head.

"Not much! You hooked him, and you ought to land him! It's a beauty! Here, Decie, come and see your first trout being killed! This gentleman's hooked the beggar I have been trying for ever so long."

Decima ran up and stood watching the business; little guessing the skill with which Gaunt was playing the big trout, but understanding enough of the operation to share in Bobby's excitement.

"Oh, what a splendid fellow!" she exclaimed, as Gaunt brought him to the bank, and Bobby slipped the net under him.

"Thank you," said Gaunt, handing the rod to Bobby.

Bobby laughed.

"You throw a beautiful fly, sir," he said. "Are you staying here? If so, I'll ask Bright—the steward—to give you permission to—Hallo, here he is!" he broke off, as a short thick set-man man, with a pleasant, good-humored face, came round the hill. "Hi, Bright! how are you? Just look at this fish! This is my sister, Decima, this is Mr. Bright. This gentleman caught him—why what's the matter?" he broke off; for Mr. Bright's face, as he turned to "the stranger" had grown red with surprise and delight, and, raising his hat, he came forward, with an eager explanation of—

"Lord Gaunt!"

* * * * * *

For an instant, but an instant only, Gaunt looked annoyed and embarrassed as he shook hands with the steward.

"How do you do, Bright?" he said. "Taken you by surprise, you see."

Bobby stared, then emitted a low whistle and grinned. But Decima's face wore no smile. It went red for a moment, then very pale, and her eyes sought Gaunt's, then hid themselves under their long lashes.

This man to whom she had been abusing Lord Gaunt was Lord Gaunt himself. Humiliation, shame and confusion fell upon her and seized her in their clutches while one could count twenty.

Then something like resentment and anger took their place; and she drew back and turned her face away. But she could hear Lord Gaunt talking steadily and slowly, as it to afford time for the embarrassment to pass.

"Yes, I should have written to say I was coming, Bright; but I—well—I didn't make up mind until the last moment."

"Delighted to see you, my lord!" said Mr. Bright; "notice or no notice. Of course, I should have preferred a short warning. The house—well, I'm afraid the house is scarcely fit to receive you——"

"That's all right," said Gaunt. "I shall not stay long—halt an hour——

Mr. Bright looked at Bobby and Decima.

"This is Mr. Deane, of the Woodbines—a neighbor of yours, my lord," he said.

Lord Gaunt held out his hand to Bobby, upon whose face the grin still flickered.

"Very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Deane," he said.

"Thanks!" said Bobby. "And I'm glad to be able to thank you for the permission to fish. This is my sister, Decima."

Lord Gaunt went up to Decima, who stood perfectly still, and without making any response to the introduction.

"I cannot hope for forgiveness this time!" he said, in a low voice, unheard by Bobby and Bright, who were a little apart, discussing the strangeness of Lord Gaunt's sudden and unannounced visit. "But you will admit that the temptation to conceal myself was very strong."

"If Mr. Bright had not turned up I should have got away without your learning that I was the 'heartless' owner of Leafmore."

The tears of vexation were near Decima's eyes.

"It does not matter," she said, with a little—a very little—catch in her breath. "It does not matter in the very least. But—but I think you might have stopped me when I was talking of you yourself, not knowing that—that you were Lord Gaunt."

"I might," he said; "but it would have given me pain to reveal myself, and—well we men all shrink from pain, you know. However, you said nothing that was unjust or uncharitable; and if it will console you, let me assure you that the truths you uttered have done me some good. For once, at any rate, I have seen myself as others see me."

Decima gnawed at her lip softly.

"Are you still—mocking me?" she said; and there was something in her voice which brought the color to Gaunt's face.

"Mocking you!" he said, and his voice rang deep and low, and full of pain. "Great Heaven! don't you see that I am burning with shame at my cowardice—that I would now give the world if I had had the pluck to own up! My dear young lady there is no mockery of you in my mind—nothing but respect for your denunciation, nothing but—How can I convince you—prove——"

Mr. Bright approached.

"Will you come up to the hall, my lord? I have so much I would like to say, and—and—you said something about half an hour!" he said regretfully.

Lord Gaunt was looking at Decima's averted face. He turned his eyes to the ground, and at last, as if he were waking from a brown study, and had come to a sudden resolution, he raised his head, and said quietly—

"I will come to the hall, Bright. I can't give you more than half an hour to-day; but I shall be down in a few days——"

"Down?" said Bright, with a flush of eagerness. "Do you mean that?"

Gaunt nodded.

"Lord Gaunt!" exclaimed the devoted steward, almost breathlessly. "You—you are not coming to live here; to stay?"

"Yes," said Gaunt, glancing at Decima. "I am going to live here. The place has been neglected too long—it is time I settled down and looked after things—the tenants, and the people on the estate, and all that. We'll see if we can't carry out some of these improvements you have been worry—wanting me to see about."

Bright looked as if he were inclined to cry with joy and satisfaction, and there was surprise in his face also.

"I—I heard from Belford and Lang, the lawyers, that your lordship had booked a passage for Africa," he said.

"So I had; the vessel sails the day after to-morrow. But I've changed my mind, and she'll sail without me."

"This is good news, my lord," said Bright. "There'll be rejoicing in the village when they hear you are going to settle down."

"Really?" said Gaunt, with a grim smile. "That sounds strange.

He drew nearer to Decima.

"Have I proved the sincerity of my remorse, of my desire for reformation, Miss Deane?" he said, in a low voice.

Decima turned her eyes to his. She was still a little pale, but there was pleasure shining in her eyes, and her lips were rather tremulous.

"Are you really going to stay—to live here?" she said, with all a young girl's readiness to forget and forgive—and a woman's delight at having her own way. "Really and truly—on your honor! You won't run away again and disappoint Mr. Bright, and all the poor people who will be glad, as he says, to hear that you have come back?"

"Really and truly—on my honor!" he said, with a faint smile.

She laughed up at him softly. Then a puzzled look came into her eyes.

"Why did you—what made you change your mind so suddenly?" she asked, with a child's frank and innocent curiosity.

He shook his head, and smiled at her her grimly.

"Upon my word, I don't know!" he said. "Let us say that a whisper from my good angel reached my ear—there is a good angel at every man's shoulder, isn't there?"

Decima glanced at him with grave rebuke.

"There are always a good and a bad one," she said.

"We'll wish you good-afternoon, Lord Gaunt," said Bobby.

Gaunt held out his hand, then drew it back.

"I wonder whether you and Miss Deane would be so kind as to come up to the house with me?" he said. "To tell you the truth, I rather shrink from its loneliness; there will be an accusation, a reproach, in it which will be hard to bear; and Mr. Bright won't bully me—he can bully terribly when he likes, Miss Deane—if you are by. He'd be too polite."

Mr. Bright beamed on them and laughed.

"Oh, pray come," he said.

"All right," said Bobby, laying down his rod. "Come on, Decie."

Decima hesitated a moment, while Gaunt watched her gravely, then she inclined her head.

They went up the hill and along the avenue Gaunt and Decima in front, and Bobby and Bright behind. Gaunt looked about him silently for a moment or two, then he said—

"These trees want trimming; and the road needs a dozen men at work on it."

As they reached the broad steps leading to the terrace he ran his eye contemplatively along the front of the house.

"It looks deserted enough," he said more to himself than to Decima. "Poor Bright! what he must have suffered!"

"But you will not let him suffer any longer," said Decima. "You—you will have it put right?"

"Yes," he replied, we will have the old place swept and garnished." He turned on the top step, and moved his hand towards the view.

It was a magnificent one of far-stretching meadow and fir-clad hills on the sides of which, in little clearings, nestled the homesteads of farmers.

"Oh, it is beautiful," exclaimed Decima, under her breath.

Gaunt nodded, and they entered the hall, the great door of which a woman had opened, and at which she stood curtseying nervously.

Decima looked round the vast place with a kind of awe. The hall at Leafmore is one of the finest in England, and a more experienced person than Decima might have found some excuse for emotion at sight of its grandeur.

To Decima it seemed as if it had been cut from the frame of some old picture, or were a realization of a description she had read in one of the county histories.

The walls running to the vaulted roof were covered with oak, black with age, with portraits of the dead and gone Gaunts smiling or frowning from the panels.

A group of tattered and smoke-grimed flags drooped from a spot near the ceiling; men in armor stood at intervals, and trophies of weapons gleamed dully in the vari-colored light that poured through the great stained window.

A huge fireplace yawned on one side, and a bear, so beautifully set up that it looked alive, reared upon its haunches beside it.

It was so very alert and fierce-looking that Decima almost started as she caught sight of it. Leopard and lion skins were spread upon the polished parquet floor and an eagle stretched its broad wings and reared its head from the top of an antique case, through the glass door of which a collection of Sevres glittered and shown brightly.

The place seemed crammed with curios and bric-a-brac and indicative of luxury and wealth and rank; but over it all hung a kind of gloom, the air of melancholy which every place, however rich, inevitably wears when it has been long deserted.

"It is very grand," said Decima, and she spoke in quite a hushed voice.

Gaunt opened a door on the left, and stood aside to let her pass in. It was the big drawing-room, large and magnificent enough for a state apartment.

The decorations were tarnished with age, and offered no relief to the ancient tapestry with which a greater portion of the room was hung.

Beyond, and beyond it again, were other rooms, one equally large, and all very fine in form and coloring.

At the end of a pair of tall glass doors opened to the palm house, in which palms reared their heads thirty feet high, and were surrounded by smaller tropical plants and ferns.

A marble nymph rose, like Aphrodite, from a fountain in the centre; but the

fountain was still, and no water flowed from the upturned shell she held in her white hand.

The gloom and sadness of desertion were here also; and the white calico coverings with which the superb furniture was shrouded, gave the place a ghostly appearance.

Decima stood in the centre room and gazed about her, and Gaunt stood near her, and looked, not at the room, but at her.

Suddenly she shivered slightly. He went to one of the windows, and, with a hasty and almost angry gesture, tore aside the long heavy curtains which screened it. Instantly a flood of sunlight poured into the room, lighting up the gold of the decorations and picture frames, and falling in a golden torrent over Decima.

Gaunt turned and saw, not the suddenly brightened room, but the girl's face and form glorified by the sunlight. He started slightly, and something, he knew not what, sent the blood rushing to his face.

It resumed its ordinary pallor almost instantly, and he was grave and self-possessed as usual as Decima turned to him with a smile.

"That is what it wants—the sunlight," she said, nodding brightly. "Only the sunlight."

"And human voices and faces," said Mr. Bright, nodding also. "I'm sorry you should find the place shut, my lord; but——"

Gaunt made a gesture of repudiation.

"All my fault, Bright," he said. "But it shall have the sunlight and the rest. Will you come up to the picture-gallery, Miss Deane?"

He led the way up the broad stairs; they reached the long corridor which ran round the hall. It was lined, crammed, with pictures, forming a collection which Bobby had richly described as priceless.

One of the Gaunts had taken the "picture mania," and the Leafmore gallery was the result. It is not by any means the worst form of madness.

"We've taken care of the pictures, at any rate," said Mr. Bright. "I have to thank Mr. Deane for some hints in regard to their preservation. It was at his suggestion that these"—he nodded to several—"were glassed in."

"I am very grateful," said Gaunt, quietly. "I hope your kindly interest won't cease, Deane."

Bobby blushed with pleasure at the words, the tone, and, most of all, at the friendly "I see."

"Oh, it was like my cheek," he said; "and I expect you know more about them than I do."

"No," said Gaunt; "I like them, but I'm afraid I've been indifferent." His eyes followed Decima as she moved along the long line. "Are you fond of art, Miss Deane?" he asked, going up to her.

"Oh, yes, who is not?" said Decima. "I love pictures. But I don't know very much about them, though Pauline had me taught to draw and paint, and I have read Cunningham and Ruskin. Aunt Pauline has a small collection at Walfield—that is her house in the country—and I went to the National Gallery. I know some of these pictures, because I have read of them!"

"Yes; I suppose I ought to be," he said. "I wonder whether you will come with your brother and see them often—whenever you care to do so, I mean," he added.

"I shall be very glad," said Decima, frankly; "and I am sure Bobby will."

"There ought to be a catalogue," he said. "I don't know where it is. We will find it. I shall have my hands full, I can see," he went on, with a smile, half listless, half-amused.

"There will be a good deal to do. There are the tenants and the people on the estate—they will want looking after. Mr. Bright has—I can see it in his eye—all sorts of schemes and plans for new schools and cottages, and village hospitals"—he paused a moment—"I wonder"—he stopped again—"Miss Deane, does it occur to you that you ought to bear some of the responsibility?"

"I?" said Decima, with open-eyed surprise.

"Yes," he said gravely, but with a touch of tanter in his eyes. "It was your censure of the absent and heartless owner which led me to decide on staying here, you ought to bear some of the burden, which will fall upon me in consequence. That's only fair."

The color rose to Decima's face.

"How can I? I could not help you," she said.

"Indeed, but you can," he said. "I shall want no end of advice upon all the benevolent schemes Mr. Bright is hatching. I know nothing of the people's wants——"

"And I——"

"Being a woman, will know all—by a woman's instinct," he said. "I count upon you, Miss Deane. In fact, I shall consider that I am entitled to come to you for advice and assistance—and protection—the moment Mr. Bright begins his assault. Shall I count in vain?"

Decima looked from side to side, then raised her eyes to his face.

"It sounds nonsense," she said. "But—but, yes, I will help you. But you will not need me."

He was silent a moment, then he said, very quietly, "I think, I am sure, I shall need you; and I will come and ask your father to permit you to render me your help."

The clock in the turret struck the hour hoarsely; and Bobby, who had been studying a fishing group with keen interest, started.

"I say, Decie, we shall have to make a rush for it if we are to be home in time for dinner!"

"I will order a carriage," said Gaunt, then he laughed grimly. "I forgot. There is no carriage. But there shall be the next time you come, Miss Deane."

They went downstairs to the door, and Decima held out her hand.

"Am I forgiven?" he asked, as he took it in his; and his eyes sought hers gravely.

"Yes; quite," she said frankly. "Good-bye! and thank you for showing us the house."

He did not utter the conventional response "Thank you for coming;" but, as he shook hands with Bobby, said—

"I hope we shall see a great deal of each other, Deane."

As the two went quickly down the steps he stood at the open door and looked after them.

Then, when they had disappeared in the avenue, he turned back into the hall, and stood gazing round him absently, a strange look on his face. All the brightness which had now and again flashed over it disappeared, and his eyes and brows were gloomy.

Mr. Bright stood a little apart, and watched him with the intenseness of devoted affection.

"This is a happy day for Leafmore, Lord Gaunt——" he began presently.

Gaunt started slightly, raised his head, and looked at him as if he had forgotten his presence. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Bright!" he said. "Come into the library."

Decima and Bobby hurried on.

"We shall be late," he said, "and that will give cook an excuse for freezing our internal economy with cold viands. I'll get my rod, and you hurry on and dig the governor out of his den.

"I say, what an afternoon of surprises! Fancy that being Lord Gaunt himself. What a splendid fellow he is! Not a bit what I pictured him. I don't wonder at Bright's enthusiasm. What did you think of him?"

"I—I don't know," said Decima. She could not bring herself, at that moment, to tell Bobby of her previous meeting with Lord Gaunt.

Bobby sniffed contemptuously.

"That's so like a girl! You don't know! I suppose you'd think any amount of him if he were a bounding young man, with curly hair and the rest of it. Now, I call him a splendid specimen; a man. Do you understand? And awfully kind, too. Made us free of the house, by George!

"It's a rare piece of luck for us, his deciding to settle down here. It won't be my fault if we don't see a good deal of him. Here's my rod; now, you cut off as fast as you can pelt, while I pack; you know the way."

Decima hurried on. The meeting with Lord Gaunt and its dramatic incidents confused and bewildered her. She could scarcely ask herself if she had acted rightly in being so—so friendly with him.

Why she had gone so far as to consent to help him. What would Aunt Pauline say if she knew of it? But she had tried to cut him, and actually cut him; and then he pleaded his cause so well—was it so artfully?—and—

She put her hand to her brow and pushed the soft brown hair from it with a gesture of perplexity and helplessness, and resolved to think no more of him until she could do so quietly in her own room at bed time.

She reached the Woodbines, and pushed open the door of the laboratory. As she did so she was surprised to hear her father's voice. He was talking rapidly, and in the excited tones which she had already learned to know.

She shaded her eyes—for the sunlight poured in after her and dazzled her—and the first thing she saw was Mr. Theodore Mershon.

He was seated on the carpenter's bench, his small, dapper form bent rather grotesquely, his feet resting on a stool, one hand nursing his chin, the other holding a big cigar, the fumes of which filled the room and made her choke.

His attitude, and not only his attitude, but the expression of his small eyes as they rested on her father, reminded her, in the flash of a moment, of one of the monkeys at the Zoo.

Her father was pacing up and down the room, a model in his hand, his hair all ruffled over his head; and he was talking in the excited, rhapsodical fashion in which he had talked to her on the previous night.

"There is a large, an enormous fortune in this idea, for it is a great, and, above all, an original idea. My dear sir, I assure you—and I know what I am saying—that there is wealth beyond the dreams of avarice in this invention of mine! Who is this?"

"Father!" said Decima, as he stared at her vacantly, "it is I, Decima."

Mr. Mershon got off the bench, and removed his hat, which he had worn tilted at the back of his head.

"How do you do, Miss Deane?" he said, and a faint flush stained his face. "I have taken the pleasure of calling on Mr. Deane, and he has been explaining——"

"Yes, yes!" broke in Mr. Deane. "Very kind of Mr.—Mr."—he hesitated for a moment—"Mr. Curzon——"

"Mershon," suggested the owner of the name.

"Pardon! Mershon. A gentleman of great intelligence, my dear Decima. I have been telling him of my new invention—concentrated electricity."

"A great invention, Miss Deane," said Mershon. "I think very highly of it. In my humble opinion there's money in it—a lot of money."

Mr. Deane wagged his head with proud satisfaction.

"A gentleman of great experience and intelligence, my dear Decima!"

"I am glad," said Decima, looking from one to the other with slightly drawn brows.

Mr. Theodore Mershon's eyes dwelt on her face.

"Of course I haven't heard the whole of it," he said. "But your father is going to explain and bring the drawing when you come to dine with me on Tuesday, Miss Deane."

The troubled look grew more distinct on Decima's face. "Are we—are we going, father?" she said.

"Yes, yes! Why not?" said Mr. Deane, testily. "Mr. Curzon is much interested in the idea—are you not, Mr. Curzon?"

"Very much," said that gentleman; and his small eyes devoured the girl's face. "Awfully! I'll cut off now, sir. I shall expect you on Tuesday, Miss Deane."

He held out his hand, and it closed over Decima's with a pressure which made something within her rise with resentment.

She said nothing, not even "good-bye;" but, after he had gone, stood with downcast eye as her father, pushing his hand through his tangled hair, and pacing to and fro, muttered—

"A very sensible, intelligent young man! He understood me. And he is rich. He can help me—can help all of us! With his money and my brains—eh? What did you say, Decima? Dinner? Already!" And, with a reluctant sigh, he suffered Decima to lead him out of the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

DECIMA slept soundly that night—why should she not? for, as yet, love had not come to trouble her!—but she dreamt, and in her dreams Lord Gaunt and Theodore Mershon were inextricably mixed; their voices, the one deep and musical, the other sharp and metallic, clashed together; and once she started uneasily, as if she felt Mr. Mershon's thin, claw-like fingers imprisoning hers.

At breakfast, Bobby was full of Lord Gaunt's sudden appearance, and no less sudden decision to live amongst them; and Decima listened almost in silence. Mr. Deane displayed little or no interest as he absently ate what was put before him, and shuffled off to his laboratory.

"I'm going down to the village, Bobby," said Decima, "to make my first essay in housekeeping. What shop do I go to?"

Bobby grinned.

"What shop, you simple infant? There is only one shop, Mrs. Topper's. It sells everything—excepting what you want—but Miss Topper will offer to get it for you—say, in a month; there is nothing she will not promise to get you, from a needle to—to a needle gun.

"Go and make her acquaintance; she'll be glad to see you, for you'll be something fresh to talk to. 'Conversation Topper,' we call her, for she's got a jaw that would fit a medium-sized crocodile. She never leaves off when once she begins, and you'll find you'll have to make a bolt for it.

"I always edge towards the door, and shoot off in the middle of one of her sentences, and she follows me and shouts it down the street. You'll like Mrs. Topper. But, I say, what's this about dining with that fellow Mershon? The governor tells me he has accepted for Tuesday."

"Yes," said Decima, reluctantly, as she put on her hat; "we shall have to go, Bobby, I am afraid."

Bobby shrugged his shoulders.

"Any one can get over the governor; he'd dine with the de——"

"Bobby!"

"Just you wait till I've finished!—the deacon of the Wesleyan chapel, if he promised to listen to his account of a new invention. Well, I'm off. Give my love to Lord Gaunt, if you see him; and tell him that, notwithstanding his being such a bad lot, I rather like him, and will consent to fish his river as usual."

He went off with his cigarette in his lips, and Decima, having interviewed the cook, went down to the village.

It was a pretty rambling cluster of houses, with the one shop Bobby had so graphically described, standing a little way back from the green.

Decima looked about her with interest, and noticed that the cottages, though picturesque, were in anything but good repair. Most of the roofs were of thatch, and wanted renewing.

The windows were small and she fancied were not made to open, the doors, some of them, were below the surface of the street or lane, and she knew that the houses must be damp, for the walls were streaked with green.

The sign of the inn—the Gaunt Arms—swung by one hinge; and the inn itself clamored loudly for new shutters and a coat of paint.

In a word, she felt that the place had been neglected, just as the Hall had been.

Some children were playing at the door of the cottages and on the green, and they stopped and stared at her, and one ran into a cottage and brought out its mother to stare also.

The woman bobbed a curtsey, and Decima went up and spoke to her and patted the head of the child who hid its face shyly in its mother's apron. Decima wanted to make friends with the people among whom she was going to live.

Then she went into the shop. There were two steps down, and the smell of all the "smelly" things on earth seemed to rise and embrace her.

A stoutish, middle aged woman came out from the parlor as the door-bell tinkled. She had a round, ruddy face, with saucer eyes, and wore a sun-bonnet perched on the back of her head. She wiped her face on her apron as she waddled behind the counter and stared at Decima with a curiosity which found vent in an eager—

"Lor', now, you're the young lady what's come to the Woodbines, I'll be bound miss!"

"I am Mr. Deane's daughter, yes," said Decima.

"And I'm glad to see you, miss!" said Mrs. Topper, genially. "I should a' known you in the twinkling of an eye; you're so like your brother. Ah, what a handsome young gentleman he is; and nice, too, though he is so full of his fun. Calls me 'Mother Topper,' as often as not; but, there! I don't mind that.

"And so you've come to live among us! Well, I hope you'll like it! There's worse places than Stretton Wold, and worse people, though I shouldn't say it, for I was born and bred here. And where did you come from, miss, if I may make so bold?"

"From London," said Decima. "I want some bacon, and some sugar——"

"To be sure!" said Mrs. Topper, cheerfully. "From London. Ah, I've never been to London. Stretton's where I was born, and Stretton's good enough for me."

"And some tea," said Decima, suppressing a smile; "and—oh, a great many things, but here's a list I've written out."

Mrs. Topper took it, but laid it on the counter without glancing at it.

"And so you've come to keep house for your good father, miss! Ah, a wonderfully clever man he be! A bit in the clouds, as they say, but what can you expect from a jennyass! Clever people ain't like ordinary folks—The list, miss? Oh, yes, I'll see as the things are sent up all right."

"Thank you," said Decima, "and may I have the bill every week, please? I'm afraid it has not been sent in regularly. Let me have an account-book every Saturday, and I will see that it is paid each Monday."

Mrs. Topper smiled indulgently.

"Lor', miss, what's the need!" she remarked. "The book'll come in every half year or so, and it don't make no odds whether it's paid——"

"But I want——"

"Don't you bother about that, miss," broke in Mrs. Topper pleasantly. "It'd only worry you, and me, too, for that matter, a-making up the account every week.

"You see, since my gel got married and left me, I've done all the bills myself, and I ain't much of a hand at figures——"

Decima sighed, with a kind of comic despair.

"Well, let us say every fortnight, Mrs. Topper."

"Ah, well," assented that lady, but not very sweetly. "I'll do my best, miss, and no one can do more, can they?"

Decima was obliged to admit this, and Mrs. Topper, leaning over the counter as comfortably as she could, ran on—

"And I suppose you've heard the news, miss? All the place is in a state of excitement this morning.

"They was in here last night in perfect droves, so as I couldn't get to move about; and all with the same story. It did sound at first too good to be true; but Mrs. Murphy—she keeps the inn, you know, miss—ran in last thing last night to tell me as it was true, and that she'd had it from Mr. Bright himself; and all I can say is, that it's the best news we've had in Stretton Wold for many a year."

"What is the news?" asked Decima, though she could guess.

"Lor', now, didn't I tell you?" said Mrs. Topper, smiling, and tossing the sunbonnet a little further on her head. "It's that his lordship's going to take up his residence at the Hall.

"Of course, you being a stranger—you won't mind me?—it don't seem so important to you as it does to us as has lived here all our lives, and gets our living out of the place; but, of course, it makes all the difference to trade, having one of the gentry—and the only gentry, excepting yourselves at the Woodbines, of course, miss—a wandering about the face of the earth, instead of settling down in his own house, and amongst his own people.

"I can recollect when the Hall was as full as a hive with visitors, and us taking pounds and pounds a week for groceries—that was in the old lord's time—and it has seemed dreadful like to see the big house all empty, and not a pound of sugar or a loaf of bread a going up to it from year's end to year's end!"

"I think I must go now, Mrs. Topper," said Decima.

"Yes, miss; I'm a-detainin' of you! but, as I was a-saying, all that's come to a finish now; and we're going to begin fresh. Mrs. Murphy, she says that Mr. Bright was a enquiring for maids—my gel's married, worse luck, or she'd be one—and men-servants; and I hear that Mr. Cobbet, the builder, is a going up to the Hall to see about repairs and alterations."

As Decima edged towards the door, she thought of Bobby, and smiled.

"And there's to be three gardeners took on at once. Lor'! it is a change as you may say, miss, ain't it? It most takes my breath away; but I'm mortal glad, not only for the sake of trade, but for his lordship's own. Ah, miss, you've no idea of the stories as we've heard about him. Dreadful, poor gentleman! They do say as all London was a-ringing with his wildness.

"But there! most of the nobility run wild some time or the other, don't they? It's excusable, I suppose, and don't count against 'em as it does against common folks."

Decima got her hand upon the door, and Mrs. Topper sailed round the counter after her.

"But that's all come to an end now; and I'm helping, miss," she panted, breathlessly, "that his lordship will settle down like an ordinary Christian, not to say county gentleman. You haven't seen him, miss, I suppose? A fine figure of a man, and a handsome—like all the family.

"I can recollect him as a boy, such a fine, strong young fellow!—if I may make so bold as to call him such—but dreffel wild and reckless. Afraid of nothing, miss, nothing at all. I've seen him with these own eyes pop over that wall on his pony as if—as if 'twere a kitchen fender. And fight! Why, he fought William Saunder's Tommy, 'as was drowning a cat, until Tommy was like a jelly; and his lordship, though he'd got two black eyes, rode off whistling.

"Just like a Gaunt. It's in their blood, as you may say. And your father's well, miss, I hope and trust! There ain't no need to ask after Master Robert! It's a pleasure to see him agoing by with his handsome face and laughing eyes. He always calls out to me if he sees me at the door.

"Mother Topper he calls me. But lor', I don't mind. And he's agoing to be a young officer, miss! Lor', what a fine figure of a soldier he'll make; and I hope I'll live to see him marchin' through the village with a band a-playin'."

As Decima, almost as breathless as Mrs. Topper, opened the door and fled, Mrs. Topper called after her—

"You'll give my best respects to the good gentleman, your father, miss, and to Mr. Robert, and I'll send the things."

Decima went down the street—if street it could be called—laughing, and almost ran into the arms of Mr. Bright, who was coming out of one of the cottages.

There was a smile of satisfaction on his good natured countenance, which deepened as his good tempered eyes rested on the lovely face and slim figure in its plain morning dress.

"Oh, Miss Deane, good morning! How do you do?" he said, in cheery accents, and mopping his brow as he raised his hat.

"I am very glad to see you. Hot, isn't it? But I've been rushing about; fearfully busy! Never had a more delightful morning's work though, never! Are you going this way, and may I come with you for a minute or two? Thank you, thank you.

"The fact is, I wanted to tell you—one moment! Hi, Robins!" he called to a man who lumbered across the street to meet him; "Robins, come up to the Hall. I want you for some work at once. In half an hour, you understand; and bring two or three other men with you. Yes, I'm awfully busy," he went on to Decima.

"Lord Gaunt's sudden return has brought a rush of work upon me, quite a rush. There's such a tremendous lot to do, and in such a short time! He talks of coming down at the end of the week, and not only talks of it, but means it!

"I'm to get as much of the Hall put straight in the time as I can; and the remainder afterwards. Been engaging servants all the morning, and wiring up to London for those I can't get here, and other things. The workmen will set to work to-day or to-morrow at latest. Lord Gaunt has given me carte blanche!" he laughed with satisfaction, and mopped his forehead again.

"It was 'Do what you like, but don't bother me with more than you can help,' Just like him. A strange man, you'll think him, Miss Deane; but with all his abruptness and eccentricity one of the best-hearted men in the world."

He sighed, and was silent for a moment. "There's to be rather a large establishment. The horses are coming down at once. I'm sure I don't know how I shall get the stables ready! And, oh, Miss Deane, I—I really—scarcely like to like it, for I'm afraid you'll think it presumption of his lordship; well, scarcely presumption, but—but strange."

"What is it, Mr. Bright?" asked Decima, smiling at his hesitation and nervousness.

"Well," he said, still reluctantly, "the fact is, that whenever I consulted Lord Gaunt about the house—I mean the things he would like to have done—he said, 'Ask Miss Deane; she promised to help you—I didn't.'"

Decima colored.

"I! Oh, but——"

Mr. Bright put his hand upon her arm with timid earnestness.

"I was afraid you would think it strange. But you wouldn't feel offended if you knew Lord Gaunt as well as I do. It's his way to take things seriously. And you promised, you know; you promised!"

"Did I?" said Decima, with a faintly troubled look in her eyes.

"Yes; indeed you did. And—and, see here, my dear young lady," he went on earnestly, and yet deprecatingly; "I feel sure you will understand me, and won't think me presumptuous when I remind you that—that you have a great responsibility in this business—I mean Lord Gaunt's return."

"I—I do not understand," said Decima, but faintly.

"Well, I scarcely understand it myself," said Mr. Bright, with a puzzled air, "but I can't help thinking that he would not have resolved to stay on, in fact, that he would have been off to Africa but for something you said. I didn't catch what passed; but that's my impression.

"And about this promise of yours; you'll admit that—that it's most important that he should be induced to remain, to settle here. Good gracious me! it will be the saving, the making of the place, the people! It will turn the God-forsaken hole into a prosperous village. Just look round you!"

He waved his hand in a semi-circle. "See those cottages? There isn't one that doesn't need repairing. Most of 'em ought to come down; they're not fit to live in. They're fever dens. There's no proper water supply; drainage awful! No ventilation! I want a score of new cottages, decent ones, put up. Lord Gaunt will do it if he settles here, and if—if you'll help him.

"If I help him!" No wonder Decima shrank back and opened her eyes upon him.

"Yes," he said, earnestly. "It's a fancy of his—call it that if you like, but isn't it your duty—yes, I'll go so far as to say your duty, to encourage him, to help me to get what I want. I'm sure you are a good, kind-hearted girl—I beg your pardon! You see how carried away I am, Miss Deane," he broke off apologetically.

"What I mean is, that any one of us, any of the county people, his neighbors, any one with any sense of what ought to be—and nothing is as it ought to be here—would do what I ask you to do!

"You look sweet and charitable, and tender-hearted; just think! Wouldn't you do a little—no, a great deal—to see those people properly housed; to bring prosperity to the village; to find work for the unemployed, to—to—save Lord Gaunt himself?"

Decima turned crimson, then very pale.

"I beg your pardon; I do beg your pardon," he stammered. "My feelings carried me away. But it's no more than the truth. You will save Lord Gaunt if you will only consent to humor this whim of his—I put it at its least, you see. If you refuse, it's as likely, as not that he will get tired, disgusted with the bother and the fuss, and rush off.

"And we may not see him or hear of him again for years; and away—puff!—will vanish all my dreams of raising the village to a decent level, and—and this, I'm ashamed to say, is more to me—of seeing Lord Gaunt settled down on his own place and happy."

He mopped his brow, and furtively passed his red pocket handkerchief over his eyes.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Decima, and her voice was very still.

Mr. Bright caught eagerly at the assent in her tone.

"Just this," he said; "I've wired to London for a man to come down with patterns for curtains, and—and all that kind of thing, and he will be here to-night or to-morrow. Now, I don't understand anything about them; but you—will you see him and tell him what to do? Lord Gaunt relies on you, and I'm sure will like anything you choose."

"But my father—I must ask him," said Decima.

"That's all right," he said, quickly. "I'm going up to the Woodbines to see about some repairs—your brother has asked me about them some time ago, but, of course, I couldn't do anything. Last night however, Lord Gaunt gave me full permission to do anything and everything. I'll speak to your father. I'll go at once. I shall meet you coming back. Thank you, thank you! You don't know, you can't fully understand, the service you are doing to all of us—these poor people—Lord Gaunt himself."

He was was off before she could say a word, and she walked on, not a little troubled and uncertain. She could scarcely realize the significance of the thing she had promised.

A few days ago she was just Aunt Pauline's "little girl" and now she was responsible for the welfare of a whole village, and the salvation of a man!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

INFANTRY.—The term "infantry" is said to be derived from an event in Spanish history. An infante of Spain, having assembled a body of troops and marched to the aid of his father, assisted him in defeating the Moors. The foot soldiers thus gained honor and became distinguished by the name of their leader, and were afterwards termed "infantry."

FROM DOOR TO DOOR.—In China the cobbler still goes from house to house, announcing his approach with a rattle and taking up his abode with the family while he accomplishes the necessary making and mending. In certain parts of Asia Minor it is nothing unusual for a pair of shoes to be handed down from generation to generation, they being worn only on state occasions, and carried in the hand by the proud possessor on Sunday.

BUSINESS FOR DOCTORS.—The following delightful production was received some time ago by a medical man. The letter was written upon small pink paper, ornamented with a picture of a pony. "Dear Dr. X.—I would be very pleased if you would let me have a baby for one guinea. We want it on the 1st of February for mother's birthday. We would like it fat and bonny, with blue eyes and fair hair. We children are going to give it to her ourselves. Please answer at once.—Yours sincerely, Archie. P.S.—Which would be the cheaper—a boy or a girl?"

BATHING.—The Japanese in their out-of-the-way mountain resorts indulge their passion for bathing to an incredible extent. In one place, where the water is just above blood-heat, a man will stay in practically for a whole month, taking care however to place a heavy stone on his knees to keep him from floating or turning over in his sleep. The caretaker of this particular establishment, a cheery old man of some seventy summers, himself stays in the bath through the whole winter.

HERONS.—Herons lay three or four bluish-green eggs, on which they sit for about twenty-eight days. The male bird takes part in incubation. He may sometimes be seen winging his way homeward, and taking up his position on a bough near the nest. Then the sitting bird will rise slowly, and, spreading her wings, speed away to the feeding-ground, while her mate takes her place and keeps the eggs warm till she returns. Both parents take part in feeding the young birds. This is no light task, for the nestlings have an appetite that is not easily satisfied. There are often amusing struggles among them for the possession of a prize—a fish frequently passing from bill to bill, till one bird stronger, or perhaps only luckier, than his fellows succeeds in swallowing it before it can be snatched away.

PROGRESS.—When Murdoch invented or discovered a means for producing illuminating gas, no less a man than Sir Humphrey Davy, ridiculed the idea of using it for lighting purposes, and said, if it was to be used for street lighting, they would have to use the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer. Sir Walter Scott made clever jokes about "sending light through the street pipes," and "lighting London by smoke," but subsequently had his house lighted by it. Wollaston, a scientific man, said "they might as well attempt to light London with a slice from the moon." It is but a few years since the scientists of Europe demonstrated mathematically that the electric current could not be divided for incandescent lighting; but to-day the contrary is demonstrated by millions of incandescent lights, illuminating every spot where civilized man dwells.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION.—A carpet merchant of Vienna has a curious collection of ancient woollen and linen cloths, including more than three hundred specimens. Many of them have been taken from tombs, and are stretched on folios of cardboard to preserve them. Some of the fragments are only a foot square, but the larger ones make up an entire Roman toga, which is said to be the only one in the world. There are a great many embroidered dresses and a deal of knitting and crewel work. Double chain stitch seems to have been as familiar to the Egyptian seamstresses sewing with bone needles as it is to modern women. There are some very quaint and unusual designs in the old collection of circles, but there are also some very common things. It is curious to find that the common blue check pattern of our dusters and workhouse aprons was in general use among the Egyptians more than a thousand years ago.

JOY AND GRIEF.

BY G. W. C.

I see thee sweetly smile,
I hear thee gaily sing,
But I am sure the while
Thy heart is suffering.
Thine eye is never glad,
Thy smile quick fades away;
Ah! well I know that thou art sad.
Although thy song be gay.

I've marked, unseen by thee,
The changes of thy cheek,
When thy heart seemed to be
So full thou couldst not speak.
The tear, oft in thine eye,
Is instant dashed away,
And in its pauses thou dost sigh,
Although thy song be gay.

I've read upon thy brow,
Smoothed for the festive crowd,
Of lonely hours, when thou
Art desolately bowed
In grief, thou now wouldst hide,
But then will have its way,
And flow in a far bitterer tide,
Because thy song was gay.

Each day thy cheek grows pale,
And thinner than before;
Thy sweet smile soon must fail
To hide thy sadness more.
Alas! so sweet a thing
So soon should pass away!
Thy heart is breaking, string by string,
Although thy song be gay.

HIS SWEETHEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SISTER OR WIFE?" "THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," "UNDER SUSPICION," "HER DEAREST FRIEND," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

THE crowd made way for the two sorrowful women to pass; but to the recently-widowed girl the features of the people and the ground upon which she trod seemed to sway and heave.

She endavored to avoid making a scene, and succeeded in reaching the door. There however she suddenly collapsed, and in another moment would have fallen had not Lord Monteval just then come up. He took her in his strong arms, and, lifting her from her feet, carried her out into the air.

"Please put her into the carriage!" exclaimed Mrs. Childers, with a glance of gratitude and of recognition. "I knew that it would be too much for her!"

"I wish she had gone out before I was obliged to give evidence!" said the young man ruefully, as he closed the carriage-door. "Is there anything I can do further for you, Mrs. Childers?" he added.

The old lady looked at him half timidly, as she replied—

"I scarcely like to ask it—but will you accompany us to the hotel? I feel so helpless without a man; and my brother, who was to have come here with us, was taken ill at the moment."

Before she had finished speaking, Lord Monteval had entered the brougham, squeezing his broad figure into the only available corner; the footman had received his orders, and the group of idlers were left behind.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Childers, surveying Daisy's colorless features, "whether it will hurt her to travel? We had intended to go home by the six-o'clock train."

"She is recovering already, and the journey is a short one," Jack replied. "Could she not see a doctor at the hotel? If he gives permission, allow me to assist you to take her down, will you? I am due at the Rowlands' place to-night, and I feel as though all this were somehow my fault—though I don't in the least know how."

"You are very kind," Mrs. Childers remarked vaguely; and then, as Daisy made an effort to move, she asked, "How do you feel, darling?"

"Where am I?" queried the girl. "Oh, I know!"—passing a hand over her forehead. "But where are we going, mother? Oh, take me home—do! Don't let me pass another night in that dreadful hotel!"

And with a storm of tears, which Mrs. Childers was thankful to see, she sank forward into her mother's arms.

Daisy's wish decided the matter; and, within another hour, Jack found himself standing before the door of the railway-carriage, into which he had already assisted his charges, waiting for the moment of starting before he took his own seat.

He had an idea that Lady Clifford must hate the sight of the man who had told that damaging story about her late husband, and he would certainly not trouble her with more of his society than was absolutely necessary.

As he lingered there a man came up behind him and touched his arm, causing the Viscount to turn sharply.

"What is it?" he ejaculated. "Oh, you, Rivers! Anything fresh?"

Rather a shabby-looking individual it was, in a very out-of-breath condition, whom he thus greeted. He was a short man, with a clean-shaven face, and a broad frame that betokened great strength. He raised his hat as the Viscount spoke.

"Yes, my lord. I have been to your hotel, and, hearing that you had already left, I followed you here. Is the Mrs. Bolton, who you were speaking of in court to-day, the one that I have been trying to trace for you?" he asked in a low tone.

Jack nodded, and said—

"Don't talk so loud! Lady Clifford is in this compartment."

The direction was rather unnecessary, as Rivers was already almost whispering.

"Well, my lord," he added, "since you left the court——"

"You were there, then?"

"Yes, my lord; and, since you went away, it has come out that a lady, whom Sir Geoffrey called 'Maisie,' went to the hotel and saw him on the day of the murder."

"Maisie did?" gasped the Viscount incredulously.

"Yes, my lord; and I can see very clearly that, if they can find her, she will be arrested for the murder. The police are sure to try to get further information from you privately. You don't know where she is living? But still they might pick up a useful hint or two from what you are able to tell. And, though"—he hesitated, for during their very first interview he had divined the state of his employer's feelings—"and, though, of course, you may be willing to help them, equally, of course, you may not. So I thought it best to warn you."

"They think that Sir Geoffrey's wife—Maisie Bolton—murdered him?" Lord Monteval murmured, as though unable to credit the evidence of his senses.

"It is the only clue, my lord. It is difficult, you see, to find a motive for the crime. Revenge however might have prompted it in her case. If she were not Sir Geoffrey's wife, and he had deceived her, she would wish to have satisfaction, just the same as she might do if she was his wife and then found——"

"Take your seats, there! Going on, sir? Get in, then!" shouted the guard. And Jack, feeling his brain in a perfect whirl of confusion, obeyed. Then he leaned out of the window.

"I suppose it won't be in the papers for another half-hour? Well, I am going to Deldale, to Colonel Rowlands' place—the station is Droxton," he called out. "Come down to-morrow and see me!"—at which point the train began to move too rapidly to admit of more conversation.

It was a bitter home-coming for the widowed bride that January day. Fortunately the evening was foggy, and a Scotch mist was falling by the time that the train reached the station.

Fog, rain, and approaching dusk served to hide the well-known road, along which she had last driven by the side of her newly-made husband, for it was not to Ridersford Hall that they were going.

"I must stay in London until after the inquest," she had declared, in the strangely determined tones that seemed so odd and unfamiliar to her mother.

"But even then I can't go to the Hall! Why, Geoffrey was to have taken me there to-day! I won't go alone, so don't ask me—you will let come to Ingleside first, mother?"

There could be but one answer to that plea.

So it was that the old nest, as Mrs. Childers had called it, had been made ready to receive the wounded bird. So it was, too, that by a stupendous effort, which she would have put forth in no other cause, Lady Clifford had gone, earlier in the afternoon, to Ingleside. She desired to be the first to receive her widowed daughter-in-law, who was now all that remained to her of the son she had idolised.

"You see, my dear, I must do what I can," she explained to the quiet nurse who was preparing her for her drive. "He loved her so very much, else of course he would not have married her, for he might have looked much higher."

"Yes?" returned Miss Mitchell softly.

"Oh, yes! All women admired him. My dear boy was so big and strong—and girls admire strength, don't they?"

"I suppose so," was the quiet answer.

Miss Mitchell had indeed seemed very subdued altogether during the past two days. Since her visit to London, when she had missed the six o'clock train, and had not arrived at the Hall until nearly midnight, never had a smile been seen on her lips or any color in her cheeks.

But Lady Clifford—who in her grief had scarcely been aware that the girl's absence had extended till long after the news of Sir Geoffrey's death had been wired to his home—never connected the girl's late return with her altered looks. Her ladyship ascribed the nurse's changed appearance to sympathy, and clung to the girl all the more closely in consequence.

Thus it was that when Daisy, bathed in tears, found herself taken into a pair of motherly arms, and felt a new rain of kisses pressed by quivering lips upon her wet wan face, Mitchell was standing close beside her.

Laden with cushions, which he had taken from the footman in order to prevent the entrance of a servant upon this scene, Lord Monteval by-and-by followed Mrs. Childers and her daughter into the room.

The first thing he saw was the motionless figure, standing a little aside, in the nurse's costume, and, just as he looked at Miss Mitchell, she glanced at him. He made one step forward, then he remembered, and, without offering another sign of recognition, slipped out of the room and closed the door behind him.

By a late train that evening the body of Sir Geoffrey Clifford was brought from London. For two nights before the funeral he would rest quietly beneath the roof of his old home.

But for the woman whom he had once called wife there was little repose. The shock of his death, though all affection for him had departed, had told upon her, while the sudden appearance of Jack had affected her yet more.

Her slumbers were broken by miserable dreams and by useless longings, and no sooner had the sun fairly risen than she made her escape from the oppressive associations of the house and started for an early walk.

Lady Clifford, worn out with sorrow and anxiety, was asleep, and Maisie intended to return in plenty of time to administer the early cup of tea which she always carried into her ladyship's room.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN a girl finds her two hands suddenly captured by two others, sees a handsome and delighted face looking down into her own, and hears the man she loves trying to tell her how how glad he is to see her—although that very gladness renders him almost unable to speak—it is not to be expected that she will remember the time. At any rate, Maisie forgot it altogether that dull winter's morning. And this was how it came about.

She had sauntered slowly and listlessly along the muddy road, with drooping head and downcast eyes. First she thought how she disliked a thaw, she wondered why she felt so old and languid, and finally she began once more to picture—as she had done some twenty times within the past half-dozen hours—the unexpected and unsatisfactory meeting of the night before.

"He must have found out all about me," Maisie thought. "And it has turned him against me, just as I knew it would. Every good person would loathe a woman who had lived as a wife with a man who wasn't her husband—though I didn't know—oh, I didn't know!"

Maisie was so absorbed in her sorrows that she did not see how, only a few steps away, some one was meeting her with outstretched hands and a face glowing with love. Her tears blinded her, and she knew nothing about the joy that was awaiting her until she heard Jack's voice.

"Maisie!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my darling—I've found you, then, at last!"

That was the greeting which he offered; and then the girl found herself gathered—nurse's long cloak, bonnet, and all—into the strong arms of Mr. Jack Jones, whilst all her doubts were forgotten, and his lips were taking love's tribute from her own.

And Maisie stood still and allowed that bold young man to kiss her to his heart's content, which so surprised him that by-and-by he stopped his vigorous salutes in order to look at her.

"So you really do love me, dear?" Jack queried. "You will be my wife? Oh, Maisie——"

And then the kissing would certainly have begun again had not Miss Mitchell suddenly remembered that she also was surprised.

She had not been present in the coroner's court, and had heard scarcely any account of the proceedings, so she had no idea that the Baronet's identity with Bill Bolton was, by this time, matter of public gossip.

The question that puzzled her was why Jack Jones had behaved as he did the preceding night. So, drawing herself away from him with a cleverness worthy of a better cause, she looked straight into his eyes.

"If you care for me, what made you ignore me as you did last night? I've been wretched ever since," she told him; and then, as if remembering how much such a confession implied, she blushed so beautifully that it was all Jack could do to abstain from taking her once more into his arms.

The question had however recalled Lord Monteval to a recollection of the affairs of the moment, and of the peril in which this pretty sweetheart of his stood.

He therefore looked round anxiously before he replied, and, when he had made sure that not a creature was within sight, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Because, dear, I've done you a lot of harm without meaning it, and I was afraid of making matters worse!"

Then for a moment he left her, in a more bewildered condition of mind than ever, while he went to a gate which opened into a field and looked over it.

The ground beyond was wet and uninviting, with little heaps of dirty unmelted snow yet visible in sundry sheltered hollows.

But just within the gate some tall holly-bushes make a secluded nook where lovers might talk, unseen by any passers-by.

On his return he said, with that air of protection that always seemed natural to him—

"Come in there—we shall be quite safe and out of the way."

Maisie, rather more astonished than before, did not hesitate to obey; and, when she had listened to his story, she ceased to wonder at his strange desire for a hiding place, for she understood everything.

"You see, what with my idiotic exclamation having been noticed and made so much of, and with your own call at the hotel——"

He did not finish his sentence, but his tone was very grave.

"I do see," she responded. "The police are trying to trace me—to arrest me as a murderess! Oh, Jack!"—and she seized his arm with an imploring air, while she crept closer to his side, her little face very pale.

But suddenly, before she could even complete her pathetic appeal, a fresh idea struck her; her hand fell, and she stepped away from him. "Jack, you don't suspect me? You wouldn't have kissed me——"

He did not allow her to conclude.

"I suspect!" he exclaimed convincingly. "I'd as soon suspect myself!"—and the arm which she had just released was passed beneath the cloak and round her waist. "Never mention such a notion again, my Maisie."

"I will not," she replied, "for I am innocent. And, if you believe in me, I don't care for anything; at least"—and he could feel how she trembled—"not so much."

To that rather qualified assurance, kisses and caresses seemed the best reply; and gradually, under such treatment; she became more composed.

"Tell me what to do," she said at last, clinging to him helplessly.

"Marry me at once, and give me the right to look after you," he replied promptly.

"When last night you thought it wasn't safe for you even to speak to me? No, no, Jack! Try again."

He laughed, and clasped her more tightly to him.

"You are a brave little soul!" he said, with genuine admiration. "But indeed, Maisie, I'm puzzled. I don't know what to recommend—whether you should at once come forward and give yourself up——"

At that suggestion however she uttered a subdued scream.

"And go to prison?" she queried. "Oh, Jack, I daren't! Don't ask me!"

"Or whether," he added, "you should go away and hide until the veritable culprit comes to light."

"No!" she said resolutely. "I won't run away, whatever happens. That would look like guilt, and I am not guilty! Besides, even if I wanted to secrete myself, where could I find a better hiding place than in the very house that belonged to him?"

The Viscount nodded, thinking that possibly her idea was a good one.

"Of course, I wish," Maisie continued, "that they didn't know about my nurse's dress. I wore my uniform that day because I supposed there would be the less

chance of being recognized by Bill. He knew me directly, though."

"As though anybody wouldn't know that face of yours anywhere!" Jack exclaimed, stroking her soft cheek with his finger. "But couldn't you tear your gown, or spill something on it, so that you might have to wear another for a while, you know?"

She had sufficiently recovered her spirits to toss her head saucily.

"Thank you—I've more than one dress like this by me!" she assured him. "And, really, would it be wise to make a change? Don't you think to go on the same as usual would be the best, Jack?"

He pulled his moustache, as though seeking inspiration there.

"Well, I suppose it would," he replied at last—"I'm not sure though. I believe I should be happier about you if you'd be married at once and become——"

"Mrs. John Jones!" she interrupted, laughing mischievously. No terror could affect her very much in his company—at least so it seemed to her.

Lord Monteval joined in her laughter, for it appeared so droll that she had never heard of the title which she was to share.

Their merriment did not last long however. Like a cold wind there passed over Maisie a memory of the past.

She was not fit, she told herself, to be his wife. He would himself feel it when she put it to him—and still hope lingered. For Jack knew the truth already, and yet he seemed to want her notwithstanding.

Softly and sadly however Maisie began to speak. Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes avoided his, and she toyed nervously with a button upon his coat.

"I can't marry you, Jack, really though," she said. "Of course I didn't understand that I was not Bill's wife until he told me so in a letter he left behind him at Bullock's Creek. But still it is so, and I'm that hateful thing—a woman with a past. I love you"—with a sob—"but I'm not good enough to be your wife! I wish I were!"

"I'm not good enough to be your husband, you mean," he responded, seizing her fingers and holding them firmly. "My darling, my own dear Maisie, how can the deception of a scoundrel make you bad? Whether or not you are his widow legally, you are surely so in the sight of Heaven, and by-and-by we'll remedy it all by your becoming my wife. Say 'Yes,' dearest! Whisper it ever so softly—do!"

The girl did not do so however, but stood on tiptoe instead and kissed him full on the lips. After that he asked for no further promise.

"But, if you were to go to Colonel Rowland's place, Deldale, where I am staying, and ask for 'Mr. Jones,'" Jack said by-and-by, "I'm afraid you would not find me. That isn't my proper name at all—that was one for African use—which reminds me to ask how you are called here, Maisie. Since we are engaged, it would be as well to know each other's titles."

"Mine is nothing brilliant," she replied. "My father was Doctor Mitchell, of Leeds, and, since I never was Mrs. Bolton, of course I am still Maisie Mitchell"—with a vivid blush—"and you are—but no name can be better than Jack Jones."

Suddenly, as the girl looked at him, meeting the tender light in his dark blue eyes, the church clock in the unseen but not very distant village of Droxton struck the hour.

It had done so once before since the two had been standing there, but then neither of them had had ears for any sound save that of the other's voice. Maisie counted the strokes aloud, and, when she came to the last, she gasped—

"Nine o'clock! Oh, Jack, don't keep me another second, dear! Lady Clifford will be waiting for her tea. And as I don't want to run away from her, why——"

Before she had finished the sentence she was already running down the road, gathering the cloak, which ballooned all about her, more tightly as she went.

Jack stood staring after the vanishing figure, thinking that probably hers was, after all, the wiser plan for the present. No one surely would look for the criminal beneath the same roof which covered the victim.

And yet it seemed horrible to him to think of the nervous terror which she could not but feel and which she must bear alone. Uttering a sigh, Jack turned towards Deldale.

And nobody guessed that, as soon as Lord Monteval was out of sight, the clever detective, Mr. Joseph Banks, crawled out of the ditch to which the lovers had all the time been standing, and into which he had crept almost as soon as their interview had begun.

"Now, if I'd asked him he'd have told me nothing. I saw at the inquest he was a fool about the girl," that astute individual meditated, as he stamped as much warmth as circumstances permitted into his benumbed feet. "But we know where the woman is now. I suppose I'd better apply for the warrant at once."

* * * * * *

Breakfast was already in progress at Deldale when Lord Monteval made his appearance in the dining room.

"I've been exploring," he explained, as he drew a chair to the table near Lenore's side. "The country about here is lovely in summer, isn't it? It's pretty even now."

"What an early bird! Did you catch the worm?" laughed Muriel. "But aid us with your support, Lord Monteval. Mother wants to put off our ball!"

She looked up at him so archly, with her head a little on one side and her piquant face all aglow, that the Viscount laughed.

"Well, why not? You don't care much about a dance, do you?" he inquired teasingly.

"Ah, but it isn't only a dance!" Lenore declared. "I come of age, and one only does that once in a lifetime"—Lord Monteval remembered that he had heard that Miss Rowlands was a great heiress. "I'm sure, mother, that under the circumstances Lady Clifford couldn't expect it."

"We are old friends!" sighed Mrs. Rowlands, in a tone of indecision.

"Oh, mother, do be reasonable! Think of our dresses and everything. Why, Daphne especially"—and she laughed—"would be broken-hearted! That run of hers—though why on earth she didn't take a hansom, I cannot understand—will be thrown away."

"What run, child?" queried Mrs. Rowlands.

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Mrs. Lisle, looking annoyed. "It was nothing!"

"Nothing to fly to Gorringe's and back in a few minutes, because you were afraid they'd get gloves of a wrong shade!" Muriel exclaimed, with a provoking air "Just as we got to Victoria, after we left the hotel, mother, Daphne remembered that she hadn't given them clear directions, and not all we could say would satisfy her. She can be obstinate when she chooses."

Daphne pushed back her chair.

"What a history you make out of a trifle!" she remarked, her proud lips curling. "I caught the train!"

"How you got there and back in the time was a marvel, I own," Lenore admitted. "You were as white as a sheet when you jumped into the carriage, and I don't wonder!"

George Rowlands, who had been occupied with a game pie, looked up at that moment and met Daphne's glance. There was an expression of appeal and annoyance combined in it, and he went to the rescue.

"Well, have the ball," he said; and, as the young man's word in that house was always law, Lenore was satisfied. "You won't forget to send the carriage to-morrow to the funeral?" he added, addressing his father.

"I'm going myself," the Colonel replied curtly.

Muriel followed Daphne's example, and rose to leave the table.

"Oh, how I hate horrors!" exclaimed Muriel. "Who'll come out and bicycle? I want a long ride, and I don't believe the roads are very bad now that the snow has gone. Anyhow, I intend to try them."

"Are you going, George?" Mrs. Lisle added; and, though she spoke carelessly, there was enough of invitation in her manner to cause Lord Monteval to look closely to her. He had never taken much notice of her before, but, if there were anything between her and his old chum, then she might be worth studying.

George however seemed by no means eager to accept the hint.

"Oughtn't somebody to go and inquire after old Lady Clifford?" he asked beginning to unfold The Times. "If you like, mother——"

"What a pity it is," interrupted Muriel, "that a nurse's duty doesn't include cycling! Then there'd be no difficulty in persuading you. You are a perfect lunatic over that Miss Mitchell, George."

Lord Monteval started. To hear her name thus spoken was almost more than he could bear.

"Half the men are," declared Lenore, shrugging her shoulders. "Fred Tennyson is wild about her. Yet what there is in her to admire I cannot see—can you, Daphne?"

Mrs. Lisle was not given the chance of replying, for George took that upon himself.

"She's the nicest and loveliest girl I've ever seen in my life," he averred quietly—"that's the reason why you're jealous of her—all women are born like that. Monteval, did your horses come yesterday? On Monday there's to be a meet at Droxton Beeches, which is the safest draw in the country. By-the-way, here's a long account of your evidence in The Times. Like to see it?"

The subject dropped; but there was an expression upon Daphne's countenance as she went from the room which might have moved the hardest heart to pity.

In spite of her beauty, hers had been a disappointed life. Married at seventeen—absolutely without love—to a man of seventy, and left a wealthy widow within twelve months, she had since had suitors by the dozen.

But, before Geoffrey Clifford laid siege to her heart, it had remained cold and dead. Then he came, and all the world seemed bright, until childish Daisy Childers, with her fresh guileless face, returned from school and unconsciously attracted him, winning him from Daphne.

"You can bring an action against me if you like," Geoffrey had told the young widow sneeringly, within a fortnight of Daisy's return. "Whether or not you will get damages, I can't say. But you may try if you care to, for I sha'n't marry you now, Daphne."

For a moment he had thought that she was going to strike him, as she stood glaring at him with those magnificent eyes, which at one time had drawn him as a magnet. Then suddenly love conquered her enraged dignity, and she sank down at his feet.

"I shall die without you," she said pitifully. "Don't you love me, Geoffrey?"

"No," he answered, and roughly pushed her away.

Mrs. Lisle clutched the back of a chair to prevent herself from falling, and, turning, faced him with the air of a queen, rather than that of a basely insulted woman.

"Then give me back my letters," she said. "If I have none of yours, you have some of mine, and I have a right to them."

Geoffrey laughed in her face.

"I always keep my love-letters for future reference," he replied mockingly. "They are entertaining reading when one wants to fill up a dull moment;" and, with another laugh, he left her.

Since that time Daphne had known nothing of love until, quite lately, she had found that the company of her cousin George was becoming welcome to her.

That Colonel and Mrs. Rowlands desired the match had been an open secret for years, and, although their son had pursued the even tenor of his way without a display of affection in any one direction, Daphne had believed that to be "only George's way" until Miss Mitchell took up her abode at Ridersford.

Then Mrs. Lisle, keener-eyed than any one else in the matter, had been the first to perceive the truth. George could give love, deep and passionate, but it was on Maisie Mitchell, and not on Daphne Lisle, that it was bestowed.

Not to Colonel Rowlands' home alone had the Times and other daily newspapers carried the detailed account of the inquest on Sir Geoffrey.

And Mrs. Childers, anxious to see how the affair looked in print, as well as to discover whether, after her departure from the court, any important evidence had been forthcoming, was amongst the most eager of readers.

Daisy was still upstairs, and the room in which Mrs. Childers sat was quiet, but the lady's face, when at last she had finished her perusal of the news, was flushed and agitated, and, in her excitement, she spoke aloud.

"A woman with golden hair, very pretty, wearing a nurse's uniform!" she exclaimed. "I was always sure there was something wrong about Miss Mitchell; and the description answers to her appearance in every detail."

The newspaper fell upon the floor, but she sat for a few moments longer, apparently wrapped in deep thought, then she rose, and, ringing the bell, ordered the carriage.

"I'll find out whether she was at home or not at the time; if out, then it will be my duty to communicate with the police! I can't help leaving the house for such a purpose, though perhaps it may look odd to do so before the funeral," she thought, as she went upstairs to dress. "But I must, for Daisy's sake! Why, the wretched creature—if this is really she—actually claims to be Geoff's wife!"

In the grounds at Ridersford a fresh shock awaited her, for there, as the carriage drove through the park, Mrs. Childers caught sight of Maisie Mitchell and Fred Tennyson walking side by side towards the house.

"Carrying on a flirtation while the master of the place is dead!" she thought vindictively. "Whether she was anything or nothing to him, she might at least show better taste than that. As to Captain Tennyson, I'm surprised at him!"

The fact was that Fred had been on his way to leave a card at the Hall when he met Maisie. She had been to the village upon an errand for Lady Clifford, and, when the young man pleaded to be allowed to walk back with her, she was only too glad to consent, and to try, in his companionship, to forget the terror which, during her expedition, had once more overtaken her.

Maisie had not reckoned however that the Captain would again talk to her of love. She believed that that was a subject which had once and for ever ended between them, therefore she was the more distressed when, just as the Ingleside brougham swept out of sight, he reverted to the subject.

"Miss Mitchell, you remember what I said to you the other night?" he asked. "I'm never going to give up hope, you know—not until you tell me that you care for some one else, anyhow."

The girl flushed so hotly that a more worldly man would have understood at once how matters stood.

"Please don't think any more about me," Maisie entreated. "You don't know what sort of a life mine has been, or—or what things are said of me."

"And I don't want to know! But I do know what you are—the dearest and sweetest of women!"

As they arrived at the hall door, Maisie said imploringly—

"Hush! You will be overheard. Please come in for a moment, and I will take your message to Lady Clifford."

"Thanks! No—I'll not venture beyond the steps. I don't wish to let Lady Clifford think me too bold an intruder."

Maisie ran softly up the staircase, and knocked at the door of Lady Clifford's room, from within which came a low murmur of voices, among them Mrs. Childers'. The nurse however turned the door handle and walked in.

"Captain Tennyson is here," she announced to her invalid mistress, speaking very gently. "He has left his card, and wishes to know if he can do anything for you in London."

"But surely you yourself executed all commissions when you were in town on Tuesday?" queried Mrs. Childers, in suave tones. That lady had merely nodded to the girl as she entered, and Maisie looked surprised at being addressed by her.

"It was on business of my own that I went," she replied unguardedly—"Lady Clifford gave me no orders."

That of course settled the question, for Miss Mitchell admitted having been in London on the very day. The police should know of the fact without delay.

"No, my dear, thank you," returned Lady Clifford. "Please say how grateful I am for his thoughtfulness—but all I want can be done by letter."

So Maisie, still in bonnet and cloak, was the next moment on her way back to where she had left Fred. But her heart beat wildly as she saw that he was not alone.

Talking to him was the sergeant of police from Droxton, while at a little distance stood a constable. At the sight, the girl turned pale and clung to the balusters for support. At the same moment Fred Tennyson looked up at her, meeting the terrified imploring gaze of her lovely eyes, and he sprang up the stairs, three at a time, to meet her.

"You understand?" he questioned, though in a horrified whisper; indeed, by that time, he was as pale as the girl herself. Was it possible that this awful accusation could be true? "You know why they are here?"

But Maisie's next words partially relieved him, so simply were they uttered.

"Have they come for me?" she asked quietly. "Mr. Jones warned me; he told me what was said at the inquest, and said that it—it might be so."

The Captain saw that she was trembling violently, and a wave of compassion swept over him. Very gently, and as a brother might have done, he helped her down the remaining stairs, at the bottom of which the sergeant met them.

"Very sorry, miss, but you must consider yourself my prisoner," he said civilly, though, in the stillness of the house, his voice seemed to echo loudly. "I've got a cab here to take you to the station, and we shall be able to catch a train be-town."

At that moment Maisie proved that she was no heroine, but only a very weak, timid, clinging woman, for she sobbed passionately, and with all her strength, clung to Fred's arm.

"Oh, I'm so frightened!" she wailed. "I can't go to prison indeed I can't! Please, please!" and she turned her lovely though distressed face upon the sergeant "do believe that I never did it!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STEED OF STEEL.

BY E. S.

O the ships have sails for the swelling gales,
The falcon flies in the wake of the wind,
In the speed of the steed of the Bedouin breed
The blood leaps high to the head beats lead,
As the leagues are left behind.
But what care I
For the birds that fly,
Or all the vessels that sail the sea,
The blasts that blow
Till the trees bend low,
Or the barbs of Araby?

Nor wish I more for the wings he wore,
The fleet-foot one, of the fables old?
For the feathered rod of the messenger god,
Or the winged sandals he bore for trade,
In the happy age of gold.
Let poets mourn
For the days overgone,
But these glad mornings are still divine!
Those flying fleet,
Were they half so fleet
As the speed that springs from mine?

Then ho! for the wheel, with its strength of steel,
Yet blessed love are of sky-born things!
And the rush of the roar and resounding clear
Sweet breath of the summer that sings in the ear
Like harps of a thousand strings!
O wild and free
Is the joy to me
To thrust the breezes and whirl along!
To skim the ground
Till the pulses bound,
And the heart bursts into song!

Carita.

BY G. E. S.

WHEN Pedro Gracia was an infant barely able to support himself on his feet without the kindly aid of his mother, a landslip from higher up the mountain crashed down upon his native village of Aqua del Oro and obliterated several of the houses and all who were within them.

The house in which the Gracia family lived stood directly in the line of route taken by the descending mass of earth and boulders, and when the crash and roar had subsided it still stood, the only one uninjured by the passing avalanche.

To the Gracias, devout attendants at the little chapel where the priest chanted mass for the benefit of his mountain parishioners, their escape was nothing but a miracle due to the intervention of their patron saint, after whom their little son had been named.

Their belief was strengthened by the acquiescence of the priest, and in addition to copious donations to all the shrines in the vicinity (for the elder Gracia held mining interests that were productive of many dollars) they decided to dedicate little Pedro to the service of the church.

During his early boyhood he was docile and obedient, and fell in with his parents' wish without question, devoting himself so assiduously to the teaching of his spiritual father that great things were prophesied of him in after life, and the possibility of their son one day becoming a prince of the church augmented the satisfaction his parents felt at the decision they had come to.

Everything went as smoothly as they could have desired, until Pedro began, at the age of sixteen, to rapidly develop from the boy into the man.

Then came a period of unrest that tried both the patience and devotion of the parents and the guidance of the priest.

Carita Dominique, the child of equally devout but poorer neighbors, gave promise, long before she was fourteen, of being beautiful even beyond the ordinary run of dark eyed mountain belles.

Two years younger than Pedro, they had played together as children till he, devoting himself more and more to his studies, had come less in contact with her.

At twelve she had been sent away to a neighboring convent, to return two years later with her beauty developed to that point when it becomes most enticing and destructive to the opposite sex.

Pedro, returning home from the priest's and musing upon the lessons of saintly beatitude he had been imbibing during the day, chanced to meet her at a lonely part of the road.

The full moon was shining, and the night was clear and bright as the day in more northern countries. Carita, recognizing her old playmate, awakened to the fact that he was of shapely and well proportioned build, and almost as much a masculine beauty as she was a feminine. She stopped and called him by name.

He, turning at the sound of the voice, looked at her without knowing his childhood's companion in the vision of budding womanly loveliness that stood before him.

"Pedro, Pedro," she said with cooing softness, as she came close to him and held out her hands. "Am I forgotten so soon? Ah, Pedro, are you dead to Carita?"

"Carita," he exclaimed, as he feasted his eyes upon her faultless face and drank in the essence of her beauty till his cheeks grew red and his heart leaped.

"Carita! My Carita!" he murmured, as his arms opened and closed around her, and she, nestling close to his breast, lifted up her face for the kisses he showered upon her lips.

Pastoral injunctions and clerical teaching, the beatitude of the saints and his dedication to the church and celibacy, were alike swept from his mind by the torrent of passion which surged in tumult through his being.

"My life, my soul, I love you," he whispered; and she, ignoring her religious promptings in the gratification of her woman's vanity, clung the closer to him as she answered, "I, too, Pedro, my own; I, too."

When he returned, long after his usual hour, to his father's house, his eyes were bright as stars, and his cheeks warm and flushed. His parents, noticing his demeanor, attributed it to an extra outburst of religious fervor, to which they also assigned the lateness of his homecoming.

"And what did the holy father teach you to-day, my son," his mother asked.

"The beatitude of the saints," he answered; and the parents exchanged glances of pride and satisfaction.

It was a subject well fitted to rouse the young man's enthusiasm, and his face gave testimony of the pious exaltation of his mind.

So he returned to them night after night, and they, before they slept, poured forth their thanks in prayer for the grace of heaven which had been bestowed upon the son they had dedicated to the church, and which made him appear nightly before them, fresh from his studies and meditations, radiant as one inspired.

It was a rude shock when the priest came and inquired if they knew aught of the cause of Pedro's absence on some days, and inattention on others to his studies and the teachings of the church.

While they were exchanging their confidences and astounding one another with their experiences, Pedro, with Carita in his arms, lounged in a shady and secret nook and retold his oft-told tale of love and adoration.

She, growing mischievous in the security of the conquest she had made, and tiring a little, perhaps, of the passionate hymns to her beauty which he was always murmuring, broke from his clasp, and standing before him with downcast eyes and suffused cheeks, protested:

"Oh, Pedro, Pedro! What are you making me do?" she sighed. "You, who are dedicated to the service of our Lady; you who should guide and counsel me; you—you speaking to me of love!"

"Listen to me, Carita," he cried, leaping to his feet and ineffectually trying to clasp her again in his arms.

"No, no," she exclaimed. "No more will I allow you to lead me from my duty. You belong to the church; go to it; leave me. You can never be mine, nor I yours. Go to your cloister, while I—I break my heart," and she hid her face in her hands and sank forward on her knees, sobbing in her grief.

He knelt beside her, his arms around her, and his face against hers.

"Carita, hear me," he said. "Look on me and love me, and I leave the church."

"Ah, Pedro, no!" she exclaimed, shrinking from him in horror.

"Hear me," he went on. "Who gave my parents the right to give me to the church? Why should I be doomed to it by them when God gave me love and you? Carita, angel, saint, hear me. Look on me in love, and I sweep all aside for you."

"Ah, Pedro, do not tempt me so," she murmured, but her lips met his, and the victory she had sought, the victory of her beauty over his duty, was complete.

The conference was still unended when the subject of it entered and made confusion worse confounded by affirming his intentions, before his parents or the priest could ask a question, of renouncing the church for ever and seeking in a woman's love the solace of his life.

Expostulations were useless; threats without avail. With his lips sealed by Carita's cunning, he refused to name the reason of his change.

All he would say was that a celibate's life was not for him, and the priestly robe, to which he had been dedicated, would never hang from his shoulders.

"God gave you to us for a sacrifice to His holy church," his father said solemnly. "And we give you as a thanks offering for His mercy. You were born into the world by Him to minister His religion."

"Then He should not have given me love," Pedro answered fiercely; adding, with his head thrown back and his eyes ablaze, "The blunder is His, not mine."

"My son, my son!" exclaimed the priest, lifting up his hands in horror. But Pedro did not wait for answer. He had gone from the house back to Carita, who was waiting to hear of the completion of his promise.

Now that the fire was kindled in his breast, she amused herself to the utmost by trifling with its flame, until Pedro, prayed for from the altar and wept for by his parents, found that the woman's love he had preferred to the doctrines of the church was a more trying burden and a less satisfying balm to his peace of mind.

The days passed in a whirl of feverish delirium for him, until there came into the village one whose companionship soothed his passion stirred being.

Fair and handsome, a young and delicate stranger came to the mountains in search of health; and Pedro, struck with the freshness of his face and fascinated by the tales he had told of other lands, grew in affection for him.

Daily they walked together on the mountain side or sat in the shade at noontide, and gradually the fierce power of Carita's attraction waned, and she waited long for her lover, while he dallied with his English friend.

The implied slight galled her, and she, too, sought consolation elsewhere. The kind-hearted priest, noting the young stranger's delicate face, and feeling moved with compassion towards him, offered the hospitality of his house in place of the rough accommodation of the village inn.

The offer was gladly accepted, and, as a guest with the priest, Pedro had to seek his companionship under the roof that had once sheltered him in his studious days.

Another also came, ostensibly to see the priest, but always when he was away in the village and Pedro was not with his friend, and while she waited she tried to bring the young stranger under the glamour of her beauty. But his blood ran cool, or there were other reasons, and she made but little impression upon him.

By chance he mentioned her name to Pedro, and the flash of the dark eyes warned him that he was treading on dangerous ground. The same night Pedro tossed sleeplessly to and fro in his bed in an agony of jealous suspicion.

What if the stranger were playing a double game with him? Carita had been more tantalising than ever of late, and dark thoughts crept into his mind as he recalled many of her mocking words.

There was a strained tone in his voice and a restless uneasiness in his manner when next he met the Englishman, and then a day or so elapsed without their meeting.

Wondering at the cause, the young Englishman strolled down to the Gracia house to ask whether anything had befallen his friend. No, he was told; Pedro was well, but had been away all the day.

The beauty of the night tempted him, and he wandered along the mountain road, wrapped in thought, until he was suddenly confronted by a woman's form. Unconsciously he had taken the path which led past the nook where Pedro and Carita met in secret, and she, waiting for her lover, saw the stranger coming.

Chance had put into her hands what her powers of fascination had failed to win, and, with her mind made up on the impulse of the moment, she hurried out on to the path and confronted him.

A quick rustling in the bushes sent the blood dancing through her veins. Chance was even kinder than she had anticipated.

"Ah, how long of coming you have been, my beloved one," she said, as she pressed up to the Englishman.

He started back, but she followed a step and put her hands upon his shoulders.

"Senorita Carita, you mistake me for another," he said, as he drew farther back. But before she had time to speak the bushes rustled and crackled as they were forced aside and trampled upon. He turned at the sound, and the moonlight streamed on his face.

"'Tis some mountain cat," she whispered, willing enough to stand aloof now that she knew her mine was fired.

White-cheeked, with staring, bloodshot eyes, and his chest heaving with emotion, Pedro burst in upon his parents' quiet, and, seizing a rifle, was out of the house again before they could recover from their surprise.

Panting and quivering with fury, he hastened along the track the English stranger had lately taken, till it came to a turn.

Then he stepped into the bushes at the side and crept along till he came to a boulder which overhung the path. Voices sounded close in front of him, and he raised his head slowly until he could see over the stone.

Opposite, not five yards away, sat his hated rival, while Carita stood beside him, her hand in his and her head bowed. With the stride of a panther he lifted his rifle and pushed it silently through the shadow of the bushes until the sights came into a line with the heart of the Englishman.

His fingers closed round the trigger, when a thought flashed through his brain. He would listen to his rival's pleading, and choose the most effective moment to fire. As he listened he felt his heart grow cold.

"And more than worthy," he heard the Englishman say. "You are indeed happy in the love of such a man as Pedro. Through him and your dear old priest my life has been made happier here than I thought it would have been. He has been to me even as a brother, and I love him as one. You must not be jealous of my saying that I love him too," he laughed.

"We people of a colder clime feel differently on these matters to you warm-blooded children of the south. Why, if he came upon us suddenly now he might fire into a fury of jealousy because you are holding my hand, not knowing of the faintness that had seized me, nor of your kindness in assisting me. Ah, my brother, Heaven send that he may never have more cause to doubt a comrade!"

Softly, too softly for the listener to hear, Carita answered.

"Why, yes," the Englishman said. "How came you to mistake me for him? Did the love you bear him blind your eyes to the difference of our build? But never mind, he will be here soon, and then I will hand you over to him and tell him how you helped his friend in need."

"But you, senor, do you not also love?" Carita asked.

The Englishman laughed, and feeling in his pocket drew forth a portrait, which he handed to her.

"Your moon is bright enough for you to see the face," he said. "She is my world and my life. I love her even as Pedro loves you, and she gives me back her heart even as you give yours to him."

"How beautiful!" she murmured. "Ah, you are bold," she exclaimed, as he shivered. "Let me help you back along the road."

"I think I had better be returning. I should not have come so far," he said.

"Lean on me," she exclaimed, as he rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Oh, no, I am all right now; and, besides, you must wait for Pedro. Never break your word or trust to him, even in such a little matter as this. He is worthy, and more than worthy, of all your trust and love."

The eye that had glanced along the rifle-barrel in jealous rage was blinded by tears. Pedro watched them part, and then crept on, emerging upon the path higher up and coming down to where Carita sat. She looked up as he came near.

"So," she said. "You think it well to come at last?"

"As you think it well to wait, my sweet," he answered gently.

"Wait!" she said scornfully, with a jarring laugh. "When one has a lover, who thinks of waiting? The hours fly when one is with the love of their life."

He looked at her questioningly.

"But I must be off home now," she continued. "He is well on his road, and no one will suspect."

"Who?" Pedro asked harshly.

"Why, my love, your English friend, in whose arms I have been all these hours. Ah, how I love him!"

"You met him by appointment?" Pedro asked quietly.

How great a rage he was in, she thought, when he spoke so quietly.

"How else?" she answered. "Had you come half an hour since you would have seen us—he with his arms around me; I with my head upon his breast. 'Pedro may come,' I whispered. 'Pedro? That half-fool boy? Bah! I would crush the upstart under my heel!' he answered as he kissed me."

She watched him as he grew pale under her taunts.

"You lie," he hissed.

She laughed in his face for answer.

"You lie," he repeated. "On that rock my rifle lays. By its side I was an hour since and saw and heard all he did and said. You lie, you base, heartless, faithless snake. Lie of him, my good true brother, and lie to me, your dupe and fool."

"'Tis you who lie," she retorted.

Seizing her by the wrist, he dragged her up over the bank till she saw the rifle lying as he had left it.

"You brought it to shoot him," she laughed. "I made you mad, you fool, and I'll——"

"I brought it to shoot him, yes; I kept it to shoot you," he hissed in her ear.

The bravado faded from her eyes as she heard his threat. As he stooped to reach the weapon and let go his hold of her, she leaped into the path and fled screaming. Once he covered her with the sights, but lowered the barrel before he could fire.

"My English brother would despise me," he said.

Sadly he walked back towards the village. His dream was over, and regrets welled up in his heart at what he had done.

The woman's power had chained him while it lasted, and yet what was it now that it was over? Only a dead, empty, foolish thing; while duty, still inspiring, stood waiting his allegiance.

On the road he stumbled. A man lay on his face with a dark stream flowing along the sandy rut at his side.

Pedro stooped and lifted the head. It moved with a limpness of death, and, as he turned the face to the moon, he recognized the Englishman.

The eyes looked into his sorrowfully, and the lips moved slowly.

"My brother, my English brother, speak to me," he said, as he lifted the prostrate form and pillowed the head on his arms.

"Pedro—friend—brother," came in faint whispers from the dying man.

"Yes, speak; I listen," Pedro answered gently as the whisper ceased. He bent his head to catch the faintest sound the other might make, then he started back so suddenly that the head slipped from his arms.

"Ah, no; not that," he cried. "My brother, say not that."

The lips moved again. "Carita!" Pedro heard, and then the voice was silent for ever.

Unto Him Fourfold.

BY M. C. I.

THERE was a sharp tinge of frost in the air; early in the afternoon snow had fallen, clothing the city for a brief spell in a mantle of dazzling whiteness, but now it was trodden under foot into grime and slush, making the pavements and roads wet and slippery.

A feeble moon could be seen, but its pale, wan light was entirely lost and swallowed up by the glare and glitter of the London streets.

As he sailed on the morrow, John Forsythe was giving a parting dinner to a few old cronies; and now walked leisurely to his club, where they were to meet. His reflections were not unpleasant.

Adventure he craved for; the thought of rustling for his living stirred his blood pleasantly; he was rather pugnacious by nature, and whatever he took in hand, he stuck to it until he carried it out.

And it was just just as well that he was going: the old place was not the same since the Guv'nor departed, and Carringford was not all one cared for in an elder brother.

He reached the club steps, and was about to enter, when a tiny figure darted in front of him, and a small grimy fist held out a paper; a thin voice piped plaintively.

"By a paper, sir? Oh, do, sir; I ain't 'ad no luck this dy, an' if yer would——"

A pair of great gray eyes gazed up at him from under a tangle of red hair, and the little face was pinched and blue from hunger and cold.

"No luck, eh?" said John kindly, taking the paper from the rough bleeding hand, raw from chaps. "Poor little soul, you look hungry. Here, take this and get a good feed with it, and get something too, to keep you warm."

"This," was a half-sovereign, and the child's eyes seemed to start out of her head with wonder at the unexpected gift. John laughed amusedly at her astonishment.

"There, go along," he said, giving her a good-natured push, and, as she began to slowly move away, she heard him greeted by name by a couple of men, and then they disappeared into the building.

With the gold firmly clutched in her paw, she made her way to the nearest coffee palace, picking up a "pal" on the road, and together they had a meal, such as they'd never eaten in their lives before. And in her after life nothing ever tasted exactly so good as this unlooked for dinner did, to the lonely waif of the streets.

Forsythe's friends insisted on knowing upon what he was so busily engaged that he did not notice their approach; and their chaff was plentiful when he confessed his philanthropic act.

"Bread upon the waters, Forsythe," said one, "look out for its return after many days," he added jestingly.

John laughed and shook his head.

"No fear, old man, it's only in Sunday school books that the hero's good deeds are rewarded; in real life they are speedily forgotten."

The next day he sailed, and it was many years before London saw him again.

Once more he walked upon the asphalt of London, no longer plain John Forsythe, but, by a series of events, Earl of Carringford.

Having been singularly lucky in all his ventures, he was now a very rich man, and on the death of his brother in the hunting field, had returned home after a prolonged tour, to succeed to the title and what was left of the estates.

Most of the land once owned by the Carringfords had been old or mortgaged by his dissipated elder, and his first act was to buy back as much as he could, and to restore the old Court to something of its former splendor, and to find a suitable mistress to grace his home.

In spite of the encouragement given to a wealthy man, and an earl to boot, John had, up to the present, remained placidly heart-whole, and saw every prospect of so remaining, as he had seen no woman yet who made his pulses beat any the faster for her sake, and he had come to the conclusion that he had better take the first who presented herself, and trust to luck.

As he strolled down to his old club, where he was to meet the same men with whom he had spent his last evening ten years ago, his mind went back to the little beggar, to whom he had proved such a Santa Claus, and he wondered absently what had become of her.

And curiously enough it was recalled to him again later in the evening, by one of the men who had witnessed the affair.

"I suppose she's dead," said Carringford indifferently in answer to the question, "or lived to swell the ranks of the unfortunate sisterhood," he added with a sigh.

After dinner they adjourned to the theatre. The play was a modern "problem" one, a new fashion since John went away, and but for the acting had no special attraction.

The leading lady, Mathalie Ross, was one of the most beautiful women of the day, famed alike for her Titian-colored hair, and the absolute blamelessness and purity of her life.

No breath of scandal had tainted her fair name, and she was known to be a brilliant and hard-working woman.

At the finish, Carringford, who had been strangely moved at the sight of the lovely creature on the stage, made his way behind, and asked for an introduction.

He fancied she grew a trifle pale, and that her dark eyes sought his in a somewhat startled manner, but as there was no trace of embarrassment in his graciousness towards him, he concluded he was mistaken.

Nathalie asked him to call, and soon it came about, that few days passed when he did not visit the tiny flat. London wondered, then laughed and said that after all she was no better than the rest of them, and that it had known all along her virtue was very assumed.

For sometime neither heard the rumors about them, but continued their friendship tranquilly enough, although to Carringford the wish for more than friendship was becoming stronger every day: but it was not until a sneer and a low expression coupled with Nathalie's name was uttered in his presence, that he determined to speak.

His action was simplicity itself. After knocking the man down, he turned to the assemblage, saying in grave, even tones:

"I have done this, because that cur insulted the fair fame of an innocent woman, whom I intend to ask to do me the honor of becoming my wife."

News of all kinds flies apace, and when he called the next morning Nathalie knew about his defence of her.

"Oh, why did you do it?" she cried, her eyes full of unshed tears. "What does it matter what they say of me? I am only an actress, you know, and not worth fighting over."

She seized his hands with her warm impulsive ones, and would have raised them to her lips, had he not prevented her.

"No, no," he said hastily, "don't do that. Nathalie, I love you, give me the right to defend you always—be my dear wife."

The color flamed high in her cheeks, and her lips quivered.

"You love me, you wish me to be your wife? You? Ah, this is wonderful."

"What is?" he queried, laughing, drawing her to him, "that I should love you?"

"Yes," she said gravely; "listen to what I have to tell you, and then——. Ten years ago on a cold winter's night, do you remember giving a gold piece to a little ragged, half-starved girl?"

He nodded.

"Yes, I do, but how does that concern you?" he asked.

"In this way; I was that little girl, I and no other. I was a friendless little waif, and your money was the first kind action I had ever received in my short life. Small wonder that I remembered, and hearing your name, treasured it up in my heart. With that gold I laid the foundations of my present position.

"A small pantomime engagement led to others, and slowly and surely I worked my up. Oh, it has been hard, and I have been sorely tempted many a time, for I am beautiful, I know, but you were before me like a guiding star, and I kept myself what I knew you would have me be; I have waited for you, I am yours, do with me what you will."

His arms closed round her, and as their lips met, she heard him whisper, "My wife!"

DYING WORDS OF FAMOUS PERSONS.—"It is well."—Washington.

"I must sleep now."—Byron.

"Head of the army."—Napoleon.

"Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.

"Let the light enter."—Goethe.

"Independence forever."—Adams.

"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.

"Give Dayrolles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.

"It is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams.

"God preserve the emperor."—Haydn.

"A dying man does nothing well."—Franklin.

"Let not poor Nelly starve."—Charles II.

"What, is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaufort.

"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.

"It matters little how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."—Alfieri.

"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott.

"Let me die to the sound of delicious music."—Mirabeau.

"I have loved God, my father and liberty."—Mme. de Stael.

"It is small, very small indeed" (clasping her neck).—Anne Boleyn.

"I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself" (ascending the scaffold).—Sir Thomas More.

"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—Burns.

"I resign my soul to God—and my daughter to my country."—Thomas Jefferson.

"I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."—Harrison.

"I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor.

"You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight."—Mozart.

"God bless you, my dear."—Dr. Johnson.

"God bless you! Is that you, Dora?"—Wordsworth.

"Now it is come."—John Knox.

"Dying, dying."—Hood.

"How grand those rays; they seem to beckon earth to heaven" (the sun was shining brilliantly into the room which he was lying).—Humboldt.

THE necessity of serious work that is laid upon most people often hides what would otherwise be uppermost. Perhaps they have no time to do what they would like to do, or even to be what they would choose to be. The great "must," that usually beneficent factor of human life, often draws a veil over the preferences, the inclinations, the wishes, the hopes, which, after all, constitute the real self, but which are relegated to but a small fraction of life.

Scientific and Useful.

KNIVES.—To prevent the blade of a knife shutting up on the fingers while being used a notch is cut in the back of the blade at the inner end to receive a projection on the spring in the back of the handle, the blade being released by pressing the spring ahead of the middle rivet.

THE WHEEL.—For wheelmen who prefer to ride with their hands near the centre of the handle bar a new brake has been invented, consisting of a straight rod running up through the centre of the head with a push plate just above the level of the bar to operate the brake spoon at the lower end.

TRACE KEY.—A new trace key, designed to prevent the tugs of a harness from becoming detached from the wagon, is formed of a wire loop attached to the end of the whiffletree, which is bent around on a line with the tug, the ends locked fast by a key, which slips over them after they are drawn together.

AT HOME.—A French woman has invented a home bicycle exerciser consisting of a base resting on the floor with two upright posts, one for the handle bars and the other for the pedals, the later being connected to a shaft carrying a sprocket wheel, which is geared to a brake mechanism to make the work hard or easy as desired, a speed indicator being attached to the handle bar.

CURTAINS.—Curtains can be raised and lowered without the use of springs to get out of order by means of a new pole, which has a drum at each end to hold a cord, one for winding and the other for unwinding the curtain, the brackets at each end gripping the pole tight enough to prevent the weight of the curtain unwinding it after it is rolled up.

IVY.—The action of ivy on ruins is said to afford practical proof of the drying character of its rootlets—the mortar is so hard and dry that it is difficult to demolish the old walls. If the branches are allowed to get into gutters or other water conduits, so as to choke the flow in heavy rains, the walls may be rendered damp, but not by the mere clinging to the walls of the plants themselves.

Farm and Garden.

THE ORCHARD.—If people were more generally given to keeping an account with the cow, the pig and the orchard, there would soon come a different order of farming.

COWS.—Cows will give more milk during the winter months on a generous ration of hay cut just as the blossom appears without grain, than they will on late cut hay with seed nearly ripened and five pounds of grain.

DAISIES.—It is not easy to get rid of daisies, but as a help to this end we suggest mowing the grass in which they are very early, before the daisy seed is mature enough to grow, and then plowing and planting fodder corn.

SHEEP.—Sheep, says a writer, are subject to internal parasites much more than formerly, and flocks are often decimated by them. Salt sulphur and spirits of turpentine are the best remedy. To administer it take salt, four parts; sulphur, one part, turpentine enough to slightly moisten; mix them and place in the trough when the animals are hungry for salt.

CHERRIES.—Some one has suggested as a means of keeping birds from destroying cherries to plant a few trees of the smaller kinds that ripen at the same time that the large cherries do. If the cherries, he says, are small enough that a robin can swallow them whole, three or four at a time will satisfy it. If they are too large, he will probable take a bite out of a dozen before he has enough.

BEANS.—Beans do not require rich land, but as the bean is a lime crop it demands a soil which abounds in that material. The idea that rich land produces beans with all haulm but no pods or grain comes from planting the beans on mucky loam, which is deficient in phosphate of lime. On such land a dressing of forty pounds of phosphate per acre, drilled with the seed or dropped in the hill, will produce an enormous increase of the bean crop, filling the vines with pods and the pods with beans.

For several years I have been afflicted with Asthma and Jayne's Expectorant is the only medicine that has ever given me any relief.—LUKE VANAMAN, Rockville, Tex., Nov. 4, 1886.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 720 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 17, 1897.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year $2.00
2 Copies One Year 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice money order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

On Railway Traveling.

In summer a great deal of traveling is done. Since the days when the steam engine entered the arena against the mail coach, and disposed of its weaker adversary with absurd ease, traveling has been regarded as having lost its romance. Those of us who have lived only under the new dispensation are accustomed to imagine that the old order was one of abundant charm and exhilaration, while the modern mode of traveling is merely utilitarian, a necessary adjunct of commercial advancement.

We form our ideas of the delights of travel in the olden times from occasional experiences of the surviving four-in-hand, or from journeys taken simply for pleasure under the most favorable conditions of scenery and weather, from cheerful excursions in "show" districts, or, if we are particularly fortunate, from drives on a private drag. But in the old days traveling was usually much less of an amusement than a means to a business end; and, when the rough was taken with the smooth, the long coach drive, perhaps through the cold of a winter night, perhaps in a torrent of rain, would lose much of the vast glamor which it presents to those who, through imagination, see its picturesqueness in the mists of the past.

We are for ever talking of the good old times, in happy ignorance of what miserable old times they were in many respects, and what discomforts they presented. Railway traveling is not always an ideal form of taking pleasure. It is not to be expected that the commercial traveler finds unalloyed pleasure in whirling about over the same weary beats day after day and month after month, that the engineer or conductor experiences the same charm of excitement in his familiar work as the boyish mind imagines, or that the baggageman derives a philosophic satisfaction from watching the snatches of life's drama played on the arrival and departure platforms. But the occasional traveler can usually discover a great deal of enthralling life calling for hasty study in the ever-varying scenes and movements of a railway journey; and, if he cares to yield himself up to a quiet observation of the fresh phases of human nature that are incessantly presenting themselves, his journeys will seldom be wearisome, and often engrossing.

With what strange surroundings and backgrounds do these new pictures of life present themselves—the varying scenery flying past one panorama-like, unknown countrysides that must be hastily scanned, glimpses of mountain and river—all the amazing diversity of Nature! In order to appreciate one of the most interesting phases of railway traveling, we must look at it from the outside. Take, for an example, the scenes at the station—at a terminus, for choice, when an express train stands waiting to begin its long journey—an eighty-ton romance.

Many persons living in the larger cities make it almost a part of their daily programme to go and watch the starting of the mail trains. There are some who know every engine of importance on their section, who can converse learnedly on the diameters of driving-wheels, on steam pressure, compound cylinders, and all the technical details which go to make up the points of the "iron horse," and who take as lively an interest in these points as the travelers of by-gone times did in the points of the leaders and wheelers that worked the coach over its various stages. They know the date of the engine's make, its designer's name, and its coal-consuming capacity. They can give you the most ample information on the whole subject.

But these are the privileged and observant few, and the majority of us find our pleasure in more obvious attractions—the human bustle and tumult on the platform, the invigorating air of rush and business, the play of sentiment which publicity cannot hide, the fascination of slender clues to character. To watch, with a discerning eye, the people gathered on the departure-platform of a busy terminus is in itself a liberal education. In fancy you may build up—perhaps not a long way from the true facts—a good deal of the momentary history of the prominent people in the crowd. You can settle, almost without hazard, the relationships between the travelers and the friends who are seeing them off. You can never mistake the bridal couple starting on their honeymoon—the evidence is far too strong, however carefully disguised they may think it to be.

You can tell at once the boy or girl going off to school. There is such a different air about the "Good-byes" from what there would be if he or she were merely starting on a fortnight's visit—the large family turn-out, the strong centring of interest upon the departing one, the mother constantly recollecting additional bits of advice, which strike very lightly into the soil of an excited mind. An emigrant, too, provides an easy case for diagnosis. There are many travelers however whose manner of departure and casualnesss or intensity in taking a farewell leave a good deal to the imagination, and allow us to conjure up the most fanciful of romances.

Thus for the man who is not content to look upon it merely as a means to an end, railway traveling has many attractions. Apart from the pleasant feeling of passing rapidly through the air, there is always the interest of stoppages by the way to set down and to pick up—provided the new-comers do not disturb one's comfort. There is the charm of fresh ground, of glimpses of towns one has known only by name, and an appraisement of the varying characteristics of the different counties. And there is always the destination in view.

To be fully satisfactory, a journey should have a pleasant ending. If we could choose our time and conditions, no doubt the old coach is still unsurpassed as a means of traveling for pleasure; but let us not blind our eyes to the romance of the flying journey by rail. The luxury and ease of the train tend to make us forget its wonders. Able to dine as we travel, and to enjoy a drawing-room lounge or a sleep, more or less undisturbed, as on board ship, we let our imagination slumber. Yet George Eliot said, there is some danger that we may come to a time when we shall be shot through the air upon journeys that are as barren as an exclamatory "Oh!" unless we set our faces against the railway ride being robbed of its romance.

THAT is all you can demand from people—and all one can insist upon from oneself—to do one's best in every sphere and situation. In the shop or factory, at home or at school, in the pulpit or on the bench, the inexorable law is the law of doing one's best. As to what is the best, that is to be left to the individual, and it is not our business to set down a canon or standard as to our neighbor's conduct. Let us do the nearest duty to be done; let us breathe into our work all our manhood or womanhood, all our earnestness and determination. Then we can peep a little at our neighbor and see how he is getting along, and whether the result is worthy or unworthy.

THE testing of one set of principles by another, the comparison between different aims and motives and courses of conduct, the generous acknowledgment of all the good we find in others, and the glad acceptance of whatever truth and beauty they can bring, will increase our steadfast adherence to whatever appeals to us as right and well-founded. An intelligent respect for others never yet weakened self-respect.

PEOPLE who work hard, either mentally or physically, who are in any way overtaxed or exhausted by effort of any kind, must in some way restore the nervous balance; and in no way is this so readily and satisfactorily done as by long-continued and undisturbed sleep, if the individual can indulge in it.

IN bearing trouble of every kind the moral qualities of fortitude, endurance, patience, resignation, are all-sufficient. Those who possess and exercise these valuable characteristics are far better fitted to cope with misfortune, and to rally from it, than those who are deficient in them.

EACH generation is as independent of the one preceding as that was of all which had gone before. It has, then, like them, a right to choose for itself the form of government it believes most promotive of its own happiness.

IT is not what others think of you which signifies, but that which you think of yourself. It matters little whether the world regards you through rose-colored glass, but it matters much whether you look through rose-colored glass at the world.

IT never pays to measure weapons with God, or to have any sort of controversy with Him; absolute, unconditional, irreversible surrender to His will is the only place of rest, the only way to really live.

WE learn wisdom from failure much more than from success; we often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery.

To character and success two things—contradictory as they may seem—must go together—humble dependence and manly independence; humble dependence on God and manly reliance on self.

IT is no great matter to live lovingly with good-natured, humble, and meek persons; but he who can do so with the froward, wilfully ignorant, peevish, and perverse has true charity.

AFTER all, our worst misfortunes seldom happen, and most of the miseries of existence lie in anticipation.

ENVY is an insult to a man's good sense, for it is the pain we feel at the excellences of others.

Correspondence.

D. D. F.—The Thirty Years' War was a religious and political conflict, which involved the German Empire, and with it the principal States of Europe, from 1618 to 1648.

LAURIE.—Liquid ammonia will remove grease spots from cloth; it should be applied with a piece of old cloth, and the spot rubbed hard for a few moments, then sponged with very hot water.

PEARL.—The young man seems earnest and straightforward enough. Unless you love someone else, or are quite indifferent to him, you can well afford to wait, being so young, but you ought not to encourage him, unless you really intend to marry him.

CITIZEN.—The word tram in tramways, tramcars, etc., is a contraction for Outram, the system having been originated by Mr. Benjamin Outram, the father of the Indian general. The original iron tram-roads were the precursors of the modern railway system.

L. S. M.—Spring, in astronomy, is one of the four seasons of the year, beginning for the northern hemisphere at the time of the vernal equinox, or on March 21, and ending at the time of the summer solstice, on June 21. In the United States the spring is regarded as including March, April, and May.

CRAYDON.—Certainly the young man had far better have let the apology alone altogether, as he had no explanation to offer, and we are not surprised that you refused to accept it; it is always, however, an ungracious thing to decline an apology, however unsatisfactorily offered.

NARRO.—Some experiments made in Belgium recently, tend to throw doubt upon the truth of the assumption that insects are guided to flowers by the brightness of their colors. Brilliantly colored dahlias were covered so as to expose only the discs, and butterflies and bees sought these flowers with the same eagerness and frequency as those which were fully exposed. The conclusion was that the insects are guided more by their sense of smell than by their perception of bright colors.

M. N.—If you wish to escape pimples and preserve a fine, clear complexion, do not eat fat meats. Avoid also the use of rich gravies, pastry, pickles, spiced sauces, or anything of the kind, in excess. Take all the outdoor exercise you can, and never indulge in a late supper. Retire at a reasonable hour, and rise early in the morning. Sulphur, to purify the blood, may be taken three times a week—a thimbleful in a glass of milk—before breakfast. It requires some time for the sulphur to do its work; therefore preserve in its use until the pimples or blotches disappear. Avoid getting wet while taking the sulphur.

E. P. P.—Your uncle is mistaken. It was Sir Henry Bulwer, the diplomatist, who was a brother of Bulwer the novelist, that your uncle heard speak on the occasion to which he refers. Sir Henry Bulwer was then the English minister to America, and Daniel Webster was Secretary of State, in President Fillmore's administration. Webster and Bulwer were warm friends, and repeatedly made addresses together on public occasions. Bulwer's speeches were always much liked, and he acquired a great reputation as a public speaker. His brother, the novelist, was also a good speaker, but he never made a speech in the United States. He never visited this country.

L. P. S.—Yes. In many cases there are peculiar technical or professional words and phrases which it is proper to use in writing orders for technical or professional purposes, although such words and phrases might be inadmissible under any other circumstances. But the word "addressee" is not one of that kind. Although it has not yet got into the dictionary, it has come largely into use, and is so convenient that the people will no more give it up than they will cease to use the words patentee, mortgagee, and others of a similar kind. The phrase, "when held-for-postage matter bears," etc., is grammatically correct and can be easily parsed. "Held-for-postage" is an adjective, qualifying the noun "matter," and "matter" is the nominative of the verb "bears."

B. CLASS.—The lamps originally used by the Hebrews, the Egyptians, and the Greeks, were simple flat vessels with a small handle at one end, and at the side a little projection with a hole forming a nozzle. In the back was a larger opening into which the oil was poured. The oil used was generally vegetable, but, according to Pliny, it was sometimes of liquid bitumen. The lamp commonly used in Egypt at the present time is a small glass vessel, with a tube in the bottom in which is placed a wick of cotton-twisted around a straw. The common lamp of India is a small earthen saucer, with a bit of twisted cotton for a wick. The ordinary traveler's torch, or lamp, in India, is a bundle of strips of rags on the end of a stick, with oil poured over it. In "Bible lands" the lamp commonly used is a small earthenware plate, with the edge turned up to make it hold a small quantity of oil. Among the most beautiful ruins of antiquity that have been preserved are a great number of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman lamps, formed of clay, metal, terra-cotta, and bronze. The museum at Naples contains the finest variety of specimens to be found anywhere. These were recovered from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Some lamps were hung with chains to bronze candelabra; some were supported by beautiful brackets.

THE OLD HARP.

BY M. E. S.

It stands within a lonely room
Where footsteps rarely come,
Alone, forgotten; year by year,
Its silv'ry tones are dumb.
The spider spins her fragile web
Across the silent strings;
No more within the castle walls
Its sweet old music rings—

No more at touch of mortal hands,
Or 'neath the sunshine bright;
But legends tell the harp is heard
When fall the shades of night.
When moonbeams play in silver light
Across the dusty floor,
Then ghostly fingers wake, 'tis said,
The silent harp once more.

A maiden fair, with pale cold face
And dusky curling hair,
Bends o'er the harp and softly plays
A weird sweet mournful air;
But, when the earliest gleam of dawn
Proclaims the coming day,
The vision fades, the ling'ring notes
In silence die away.

The Crime that Failed.

BY J. A. M.

MY grand aunt Felicia was dead; the black edged letter lay before me addressed in my cousin Frank's handwriting. Yes the poor old lady was gone, and I felt really sorry, for she had been kind to me before Frank and his sister had acquired such influence over her. The news was most unexpected, and before I had recovered from the shock, Sir John Bridge (whose private secretary I was) entered the room.

"What's amiss, Julian?" he asked kindly as he sat down to his letters, "Had bad news, eh?"

For answer I handed him the intimation. He read it, then glanced at the date.

"You should have received this sooner," he said. "The date of death is the fourth, and this is the eighth—you may just be in time for the funeral if you start for Baldwin's Court at once."

I looked at the date; Sir John was right; but how could they have been so careless? They knew where I was.

"Can I get away on such short notice, sir?" I asked.

"You can take a few days quite easily, Julian. You had better look up the trains at once, you haven't a minute to spare if it's the North Western you go by."

I seized a time-table and found that if I caught the 10.20 train from Euston, I could reach Baldwin's Court in the afternoon. My preparations were soon made, and with my small valise I sprang into a hansom. Sir John called after me not to hurry back unless he wired, and I hastened off, fearing to lose the express train. But I was in time after all, and as I sped along at quick speed, I thought of poor aunt Felicia, and hoped I might yet be in time for the funeral.

It seemed strange that Rasper had not written to tell me of her illness. Rasper was her maid, and had always been fond of me as a child. After I grew up, too, she had been devoted to "Master Julian," in spite of my getting into disgrace with her mistress; so her silence surprised me.

I had not seen my father's aunt for eight years, not since I was nineteen when my cousin Felicia had made some mischief, as I suspected; but while I was abroad I had heard now and then from Rasper, telling me how things were going on. My cousin Felicia was almost always at Baldwin's Court, and her brother Frank paid long visits; indeed they seemed to have acquired great influence over the old lady.

Rasper thought it probable they would try and get her to settle the estate and most of the money upon Frank, for my name seemed to be in bad odor with them all, and if Rasper ventured to mention it, she was promptly told to hold her tongue. All this recurred to me as I sped along, and I wondered how I should find things in the old house.

My father's aunt was a very wealthy woman; she had been named after a rich spinster relative who left her all she had, and besides this she had inherited a considerable fortune from my grandmother, for she had been the only daughter and was much younger than her brother. My father was the son of the eldest brother, but Frank and his twin sister were considerably older than I was, quite ten years.

I had once been aunt Felicia's favorite, but I had been away so long in India and China, that she might have forgotten my very existence, while the others were always there. I was making my own way and did not need her money, but for all that I grudged Frank having it.

He was not a straightforward or honorable man, and his sister was very little better.

I did not telegraph to Frank en route, so when at last the train steamed into Heys—the little station I was bound for—I had to hire a trap at the nearest inn—the "Heys Arms"—to take me the four miles between the station and Baldwin's Court. It was after six o'clock when I found myself at the end of my journey, and a glance at the big, old, rambling mansion convinced me that the funeral was over.

The blinds were drawn up and many of the windows open. My knock was answered by a stranger, in the place of old Barnes, the ancient butler (the only man my grand aunt allowed to sleep in the house,) and my enquiry for Mr. or Miss Eastwell was civilly received. I was requested to wait in the morning room, and asked to give my name.

"Say it is Mr. Julian," I said, "I have forgotten my cards."

It was fully half an hour before Felicia came in, thought I had distinctly caught the sound of her voice several times, evidently conversing with Frank in another room.

Felicia had always been handsome, in a cold still sort of way, and the deep mourning she wore became her better than any color could have done. I knew she must be quite thirty-seven, but she had "worn-well"—there was not a single wrinkle round her eyes, not a white thread in her abundant fair hair; her figure was as fine as ever, her step as elastic. The change in my appearance seemed to take her by surprise, for she started when she came in.

"Julian! you here?" she said, faltering a little, but holding out her hand. Felicia's hand was large, white and beautifully shaped, but very strong.

"Yes," I answered quietly, "I came off at once, but I suppose I am too late for the funeral."

"It was yesterday," she said in a low tone, as if it cost her an effort.

"Why was I not told in time, Felicia?" I asked hastily. "Surely as the elder son's son, it was my right, as it was my duty, to be present?"

"We did not know where to send; Frank had forgotten the address, and no one knew it. We sent off the intimation the moment we discovered your address." She spoke with a curious carefulness, like a child repeating a lesson, and I knew that she lied to me.

"I suppose Frank is the heir," I said questioningly, "or rather, that you are joint heirs together?"

"Yes, Frank has the land and most of the money," she answered slowly. She was quite calm, but very pale.

"Rasper could have told you where I was, had you asked her," I said. "She never lost sight of me." Felicia's face changed strangely as I mentioned the faithful old lady's-maid. But she answered at once:

"You don't know then the Rasper quarrelled with her mistress two months ago, and gave notice." This was astounding news—that Rasper, who had been aunt Felicia's maid ever since she was seventeen, should quarrel with her life-long friend and leave her mistress when both were close on seventy, was a thing to wonder at indeed.

"Where on earth is she gone to?" I demanded bluntly.

"I cannot say, I am sure," replied my cousin. "Most likely to her nephew in Cornwall, or her niece in Guernsey."

"It is amazing," I said, still bewildered. "But what was the matter with aunt Felicia? I should think Rasper's leaving must have hastened her death."

"No, indeed, Julian," said Felicia suavely. "It was simple, natural decay, she just faded away from old age."

"But she was not seventy," I persisted; "many women are hale and vigorous at her age as at yours or mine; she would fret after Rasper I feel sure."

"You are mistaken," said Felicia, drawing herself up frigidly at my clumsy allusion to her age, "But may I ask, Julian, if you have taken a room at the inn or it you mean to stay her to-night?" If you stay I must give my orders, of course."

There was no warmth in her tone, and I bitterly regretted that I had not thought of this before. But it was too late now to see about lodgings, so I had no alternative.

"Upon my word, Felicia, I forgot," I said, feeling all the time her cold, blue eyes were fixed on me, "but I hope I am not putting you to inconvenience by staying." She did not answer directly; she seemed to be thinking and revolving something in her mind. I was beginning to feel ill at ease when she spoke again.

"Of course it is inconvenient under the circumstances, but as it can't be helped now, there is no use saying anything about it," she remarked coldly. "We dine at half-past seven, so you had better go to your room at once. You will see Frank at dinner." And, touching the bell, she gave her orders, and I found myself following the man upstairs before a single word of apology had entered my mind.

The room was not the one I had so often occupied before, it was at the other end of the house, and overlooked the offices behind. My first one had been close to aunt Felicia's bedroom, and had a beautiful view of the woods and the stream, besides being directly above the lovely old Dutch garden.

Still it was a comfortable room, and I dressed and was ready to descend when the gong sounded for dinner. Two people were in the dining-room when I entered—my cousin, Frank Eastwell, and a young lady.

I had been prepared to find Frank as unchanged as his sister, but his appearance gave me an unpleasant surprise. He had aged terribly, and not only that, but the marks of a life of dissipation and fast living were plainly stamped upon his once handsome face, in a manner not to be mistaken.

He received me in the old half-careless, half-sneering way, without any expression of surprise at the unexpectedness of my visit, and introduced me to the young lady. She was a Miss Hartley—Felicia called her Rachel, and wondered secretly what had brought her there, whether she was a guest or some sort of companion of Felicia's.

They both treated her as though they knew her well, and she addressed them by their christian names.

As we took our places at the table, I saw Felicia glance with a frown at the array of wine bottles on the sideboard, and she said something in an undertone to the man who waited.

He was proceeding to remove several, when Frank told him savagely to let them alone, and I could not but observe that Felicia bit her lips and grew a shade paler. But she made no remark, and the meal began. Frank talked in a desultory way, now to Miss Hartley, now to me, but his sister ate her dinner in almost entire silence. The meal was well cooked and well served, and if my aunt's cook had left with Rasper and Barnes, her successor evidently knew her business quite as well.

I was seated opposite to Miss Hartley, with my back to the light, so I could look at her unobserved, and I took full advantage of the position. She was neither pretty nor striking in appearance; but the simplicity and sweetness of her expression attracted me.

In figure rather petite, with dark hair and eyes, she looked about twenty-three. As the dinner progressed, I saw that Frank paid her a good deal of attention, but it struck me that she was rather afraid of him, and more so of Felicia.

The day had been close and sultry, and clearly a storm was brewing, for, reflected in the mirror just opposite me, great banks of clouds with fiery edges, and dull touches of copper here and there, could be seen hovering on the horizon, ready to close in the moment the sun sank. The breathless pause that always precedes a thunderstorm was in the air, not a leaf stirred on the trees, and the birds had long since retired to the depths of the plantation beyond. Felicia, I remembered, was dreadfully afraid of a storm, and I knew the terror of it was upon her as she addressed Frank pointedly, while I held the door open for her and Miss Hartley to pass out.

"As Julian is here for the evening, I suppose you will not remain long, Frank," she said turning towards him.

"Oh, Julian need be in no hurry, now he is here he can surely stay a day or two," her brother replied half carelessly; "can't you Julian?"

I saw the look of anger that darkened Felicia's face; and I saw something more—an eager, entreating glance from Miss Hartley's dark eyes; an almost imperceptible, imploring sign. That decided me, but before I could say a word, Felicia hastily interposed.

"You forget, Frank, Julian cannot stay; he has his employer to consider." She spoke in hard metallic tones.

"I am quite at liberty, Felicia," I rejoined. "So I shall be happy to accept your invitation, Frank."

Felicia was furious; both at her brother for proffering, and at me for accepting the invitation, though she said nothing. Probably she saw as I did, that Frank had taken more than was good for him; for she passed out silently, with her usual haughty grace, evidently not caring to provoke a scene, and I rejoined her brother.

But Frank soon rose, saying he was going to see Sims at the lodge. Sims had fallen from a ladder a few days before and had hurt himself. On inquiry I found it was not the old gardner whom I used to know, but his son, a retired soldier, who was head gardener now old Sims was dead.

Another of the faithful old servants gone, I commented to myself, as I lit my cigar and strolled out to the wide terrace to smoke it.

The sun had set, and the clouds loomed blacker in the distance, but enough light was left for me to distinguish the well-remembered flower beds, and oddly clipped bushes and shrubs of the garden, as, leaning against the parapet, I looked down upon it.

Presently I caught sight of a dark figure flitting among the gathering shadows, and wondered who could choose to be there at such a time.

But my idle wonder changed to amazement, when the figure, darting from bush to bush as if dreading observation, came at length close to the wall under the balcony, and I recognized Miss Hartley. Astonishment held me dumb for a moment, and before I could speak she anticipated me.

"Mr. Eastwell, can I see you alone, and at once?" she asked in a trembling agitated voice.

"Of course you can, Miss Hartley," I replied, disguising my surprise as much as possible, and throwing away my cigar, "I am at your service this very moment."

"Not here," she said quickly, "come with me, I know where we can be undisturbed."

I ran down the steps and joined her, and then saw how terribly pale and scared she looked; frightened, I imagined, at fear of the impending thunderstorm.

She had wrapped a black lace shawl round her head, and in its sombre folds her face looked ghastly in the strange lurid semi-darkness. She turned and I followed her down a curious mausoleum-like stone summer-house, that stood at the far end of the garden.

It was a damp, cold, slimy sort of place, but she entered it without hesitation, and of course I followed. It was just light enough for us to see each other's faces, though it would soon be dark. She turned round the moment we got inside, and laid her hand upon my arm.

"Mr. Eastwell, I do not know you, but I think I can trust you, indeed I must! I cannot keep silent any longer; it will kill me," she continued wildly with quivering lips. Her agitation was painful to see. I took the hand she had laid upon my arm, and held it firmly as I answered.

"Indeed you can trust me, Miss Hartley. Tell me how I can help you, and be sure I will do it." I saw now that the storm had nothing to do with her terror.

"Mr. Eastwell, can the dead return to haunt the places that they loved in life? Can they make themselves seen or heard by those they cared for?" she asked, her eyes fixed upon mine with feverish anxiety.

Now, in my younger days, I had scorned all belief in the supernatural, but in India, China, and Japan, I had seen some very strange things, and had heard of a good many more, so I hesitated how to answer; for now I felt sure the girl had got a fright of some sort.

My grand aunt's recent death must have something to do with it too, I concluded. But she was waiting; I must say something to soothe her.

"I can neither prove nor disprove that, Miss Hartley," I quietly replied. "No one can, I think; but tell me why do you ask?"

"Because I have heard my guardian since her death, and I know that Felicia has seen her," she answered, her great dark eyes alight with fear.

"Was aunt Felicia your guardian, Miss Hartley?" I questioned in astonishment, "I never knew it."

"I know you did not," she answered softly, "she said she would tell you herself when you came back. You never heard of me, yet I know something of you, for she spoke to me of you."

I was more surprised than I cared to let her see. Who was this girl, and why was my grand-aunt made her guardian? As if divining my thoughts, Miss Hartley went on quietly:

"Papa made Miss Eastwell my guardian jointly with my uncle Ernest. He did not like uncle Ernest's people, so he left me in Miss Eastwell's care until I should reach the age of twenty five.

"Hartley Grange is let till then, so I live mostly here. I don't think Felicia likes it, for she is always wanting me to go to uncle Ernest's.

I was there when dear Auntie died; they sent for me, but I was too late to see her again alive.

"I was away too when Rasper left; I think my guardian was never the same after that; she would not have another

maid, so Felicia did all she wanted, though I don't think Auntie liked it; she wanted Rasper; it was cruel of Rasper to leave her."

"What was the quarrel about; I cannot understand why Rasper should go?" I asked, curious to hear if she could enlighten me as to Rasper's conduct.

"I can't tell you a word about it, Mr. Eastwell. Felicia is so angry when it is spoken about. She told me never to mention it to Auntie, and I never did. Felicia frightens me when she is angry," the girl said quite simply. No wonder she was afraid; I knew what Felicia could be when in a rage.

"When I came back and found dear Auntie dead, it was dreadful," Miss Hartley resumed after a pause. "To be here with Felicia and Frank was horrid. Frank has often been quite tipsy lately, and Felicia has been so cross and queer, she makes me wretched.

"They are my guardians now, I believe, and I must stay with them, I suppose, but since I heard what I have heard, and saw Felicia's face that time, I feel that if I stay I shall go mad."

She clasped her small hands passionately, the tears of grief and terror streaming down her pale cheeks. I felt that something strange or awful must cause such wild emotion, and I tried to calm her, partly succeeding

"My dressing-room is next the one Auntie used to have," she continued, "but it is in another passage altogether, in the same one as Felicia's, though not next to hers.

"On the night I came home from Stanton, I was in that room to see that Ellis had unpacked my things properly, and I sat down, for I was tired.

"I was thinking of Auntie, and wishing I had been in time to see her alive, when all of a sudden I heard through the wall between our rooms the sound of moaning, just such moaning as Auntie's when she was distressed or in pain.

"At first I forgot about her death and listened, but the moans stopped, and then I remembered, and ran out of the room; I was too frightened to stay. I could not sleep at night, though I did not tell Felicia then, not till after.

"But I heard the moans last night, after the funeral was over and all the people gone, so I told Felicia, and she was even more frightened than I was, though she insisted that it was fancy. She changed my room at once, but that did not make me forget, and something else I heard me to remember even better.

"I could not sleep last night, I was restless with excitement, and Frank kept me talking in the library till very late. It was almost twelve when I went up to my room; Felicia had gone up some time before me, and I heard the clock strike as I went along the passage to my new room. I turned to look back, and as I did so, Felicia came running out from the one leading to Auntie's rooms, with such a ghastly face that I felt frozen with horror.

"She shut and locked the door, and leant against the wall panting. When I could, I went to see if I could help her, and she was like a mad woman; her eyes rolling, her teeth chattering, as she repeated over and over, not seeing me, 'The face of the dead,' 'The face of the dead.' When she turned and saw me she was furious. She sprang at me, and shook me till it hurt, and had Frank not come up just then, I don't know what she might have done.

"He was angry with her, and went himself with me to the door of my room. She said something this morning about having got a fright; and I know she had seen Auntie, just as I had heard her. Before you came to day, when dressing for dinner, I went to my old room for my jewel-case, and I heard the moans again. Oh! Mr. Eastwell! can it be that Auntie's spirit haunts the rooms she used when she was alive? can she have left something undone here—something she would fain set right, though it is too late?"

The sweet earnest voice ceased; it was too dark now to see, but I felt she was trying to read my face—that her eyes were straining in the gloom to see it.

I was just on the point of comforting her as best I could, when a vivid blue glare suddenly lit up the old summer house, while a deafening crash of thunder seemed to fall upon its very roof.

The storm was upon us; in a minute we seemed to be standing in the middle of a sea of living fire, as the glare of the lightning darted its forked tongues around us.

The thunder was one fearful roll and crash, never silent for a single moment. And then came the roar of the rain beating upon the roof, and the clash and clamor of the trees, tossed violently against each other.

The weird light showed me Miss Hartley crouching on the moss-covered floor, her face hidden in her hands, and her long dark hair falling in disorder around her.

I lifted her up and drew her into the corner farthest from the door, and held her firmly there with one hand, and so we remained for such a length of time, that it seemed to me it must be near daybreak before that fearful commotion of the elements lessened.

At last it did begin to slacken. The peals became less frequent and more distant. The lightning was not so vivid, with a longer interval between the flashes; and the rain, though still heavy, was not the fierce downpour it had been.

When I looked out, I could see that, though most of the windows of the Court were dark, a few still had lights; so I proposed we should make a rush for it and gain entrance by the window of the dining room opening upon the terrace.

My companion raised no objection, so still holding her to steady her steps, we ran by the nearest way to the terrace stair, and entered the room I had quitted more than three hours before.

* * * * * *

A death-like stillness reigned in the house. Where was Felicia? Surely Frank had returned? My perplexity was reflected in Miss Hartley's face.

"Where can they all be? Are there no servants?" I asked, as I lowered the smoking lamp in the blackened globe, where it must have flared for hours.

"There are very few, I believe," she answered. "Most of the servants refused to remain with Felicia, and their places are not yet filled; but Atkins the new butler, Mrs. Marsh the new cook, and Ellis the housemaid ought to be about. Perhaps they are frightened."

"Very likely," I said. "And just as like Felicia and frank are in the drawing-room. Let us go and see."

But the stately, old fashioned room which I remembered so well was empty. The blinds were not drawn, and a faint twilight, just enough to make things visible, prevailed.

The room looked solemn and ghostly, and Miss Hartley came nearer to me, and I heard her draw a shivering breath.

"Don't let us wait here," I said cheerfully. "Probably they are in Frank's room; Felicia is afraid of thunder.

We went into the passage, where a light burnt on a bracket, and I led the way to Frank's room. But here too all was deserted; the room was in disorder, he had not been in it since he dressed for dinner. Miss Hartley sat down dejectedly upon a settee, and I was just going to propose a visit to Felicia's quarters, when the swish of trailing garments coming from the passage outside fell upon my ears."

Making a sign to my companion to remain still, I opened the door softly and looked out, just in time to see a tall woman in a blue dressing-gown disappearing around the corner through the curtained doorwey.

Without thinking, I at once stole down to the curtain; the stealthy, gliding motion of the woman filled me with suspicion, for who would creep along like that, and at such an hour, if their purpose were a good one?

The heavy curtain was not entirely drawn back, and by standing close to the wall, I could see the opposite door and curtain, the entrance to my grand-aunt's apartments, without being seen. The woman had just reached the door when I saw her.

She held a small lamp in one hand, in the other, a basket with a lid over it; but setting both down, she took from an inner pocket a bunch of keys, and fitting one in the lock, she turned it with some difficulty.

Pushing the door cautiously open, she stooped for her lamp and basket, and as she did so, to my intense amazement I recognized my cousin Felicia. The sight of her there caused me actually to recoil, and as I fell back a pace I found Rachel Hartley just behind me.

We gazed in dumb consternation at each other; and heard Felicia locking the door behind her, which told us we could not follow her, even if we wished.

What was she doing there? What could take her to those silent, deserted rooms at midnight?

I saw the question in my companion's face, and as I read it, a wild, horrible idea darted through my mind; an idea, the very thought of which turned me sick and faint.

I fell back against the wall, cold drops of moisture gathering on my brow, my heart beating violently, while Rachel gazed into my face speechless, but the girl saw and understood. Without one word being spoken between us, she uttered a low, sobbing cry.

"Oh! not that! not that!" and then stood, her hands clasped over mine, her dark eyes wide with horror and anguish, but perfectly calm; ready for any emergency. She was the calmer of the two just then.

I had small time to form any plan of action; at any moment Felicia might return; she had more than a woman's strength, I must take her unawares before she could summon Frank to her assistance. Miss Hartley was quite ready for anything I might tell her to do, and she fully realized that we must be prompt.

Taking her lace shawl, I told her in a few hurried whispers what I wanted, and motioning that she understood, she drew into the corner, concealed by the curtain, while I stood, shawl in hand, on the other side. And so we waited for quite half an hour, hearing nothing but the shutting of a distant door in a remote part of the house.

The storm had spent itself; both rain and wind had ceased. At last, the faint click of a door being locked in the closed passage, could be heard, and we braced ourselves for the coming scene.

We could hear the faint rustle of her skirt as she neared the door, and she seemed to pause for a moment, as though to listen if all was quiet before she came out.

Then the door was unlocked and pulled slowly back, and Felicia stepped noiselessly out between us. Her lamp had been extinguished, but I could see in the dim light that she was deathly pale and trembled; she could have put her hand upon either of us but we were well hidden.

Before she could turn round to close the door, I threw the black lace over her face and seized her hands; and Rachel glided swiftly behind, pushed the door to the wall and removed the keys, putting the bunch in my coat pocket.

Felicia uttered a suppressed cry, and struggled hard to free herself from my grasp, and as soon as I felt the keys dropped into my pocket I released her. She snatched the shawl from her head, and, as she met my look, staggered back as though to seize the door handle, but almost fell, the door being wide open.

Then she saw Miss Hartley, and the guilty, baffled look that crossed her face, I hope I may never see again.

There was murder and worse in the cold, blue eyes that turned from Rachel Hartley to me; she knew that the game was played out, that she had lost, but the indomitable pride of the woman bore her up, even amid the shame and agony of discovered guilt. She looked at me fixedly as I addressed her.

"Come with me, Felicia; I will see you safely into your own room, and safe from yourself, before I look into the awful secret you have hidden behind that door," I said calmly. "Miss Hartley, will you show me Miss Eastwell's room?"

Not a word did Felicia answer as Rachel stepped forward. I simply signed to her to move, and she turned back with me along the way she had come.

Miss Hartley shivered, and her tears fell as I secured Felicia to a chair with the sheets torn into strips. She was as helpless in that chair as though in a prison cell, more so indeed.

When she was firmly secured, I told her that as soon as I had made sure of her brother, I should return to see what she had to say, and we left her staring straight before her, locking the door after us.

We went down to the great hall, and listened again for any sound of life from the other inmates of the Court, but, as before, all was silent.

I proposed we should look for Frank in the library or smoking room, and we were on the point of doing so, when the sound of a knock upon the closed outer door fell upon our ears.

It startled us both, coming at such an hour, and while we were passing through such a crisis; but I knew it must mean something of consequence when the knocker was used in the dead of night, so I hastened to unfasten the heavy door, and throw it wide open.

Two men stood in the shadow of the portico; I could but dimly see them. One was very tall, the other short; both seemed young. The tall one spoke:

"Is there anyone here who will help us with the master? He has met with an accident from the lightning. Can you send some of the servants to help carry him up?"

Rachel gave a slight scream.

"Where is he, and how did it happen?" I enquired. "And who are you?"

"I am Sims, sir. Mr. Eastwell came to the lodge to ask how my arm was; I broke it a few days ago. He would not wait until the storm was over, he said Miss Eastwell would be frightened, so he started off with Dan as soon as the rain slackened.

"In the avenue a bright flash almost took Dan's sight away, and when he looked round, the master was lying under the trees, and did not move. Dan could not lift him alone, and he came back for me. I am useless, sir, as you see, and Dan is but a lad; we need help to fetch him home. I fear the worst, sir."

The man was a good talker; I rather liked him. But something told me his fears were well founded. At that moment I saw the face of Atkins, the new butler, behind Miss Hartley; he had evidently heard at last, and came forward to see what was the matter.

There was no time for talking or explanation; Miss Hartley went at once to get the women to prepare Frank's room, and I started with Atkins and Sims to fetch their master home, sending the lad off for the doctor.

The moment I saw Frank's face by the light of the lantern Sims carried, I knew he was past all human aid, and the men knew it too.

He was lying under a huge elm, whose trunk, split right in two, was charred and black. The ground, too, was, for some distance, torn up, showing plainly the track of the fatal flash, and Frank's hair and beard had been singed.

We carried him reverently to the house, but though we undressed him, and tried every means to restore consciousness, we knew it was a vain task, and by and by desisted.

Then I remembered Miss Hartley, and leaving the other men and the housekeeper in Frank's room, I went in search of her.

I crossed the wide, upper hall, and went straight down the long passage toward Aunt Felicia's apartments. A light shone from under the door of the one that had been her bedroom, and I paused there; but not long.

Softly turning the handle I looked in, and almost cried out, though what I saw was only what I expected to see.

On the bed, close to the wall, lay the figure of a woman, apparently asleep, her face hidden in the shade of the heavy velvet curtain, while kneeling by the side of the bed, her face buried in her hands, was Rachel Hartley.

The room was filled with a curious, sickly odor, which seemed familiar to me, though I could not at once recall where I had smelt it before. Rachel did not move as I crossed the room to her side, nor even look up when I touched her shoulder.

I put back the curtain that hid the occupant of the bed, and an involuntary cry escaped me, for I was looking down upon the sleeping face of my grand-aunt Felicia.

I stood for a moment staring blankly at her, then as Rachel did not move, and the close, sickening, perfumed air was affecting me strangely, I went to the shuttered window and tried to unbar it, but there was a padlock on the bar which resisted all my efforts.

Then I remembered the keys in my pocket, and sure enough the key of the padlock was there. I threw the sash wide, letting in a rush of cool, delicious air, and turned again to Rachel.

Evidently she had fainted, so I carried her to the window. She had been overcome by that peculiar odor, whose effects I myself had felt, and soon revived, and sat up, smiling faintly, saying she was better. We went back to the bedside together.

"Thank heaven we found this out," she said solemnly, laying her hand on my grand-aunt's forehead. "How strange—how very strange it is, and we thought her dead. How could they be so cruel? What made them do it?"

"I think I know," I answered gravely. "But we shall get all the truth from Felicia, now that Frank is gone; she will be utterly broken by his death, for she was devoted to him. The doctor can do Frank no good.

"I shall ask him to come here, for I recognize this queer perfume now. It is scented opium, and Aunt Felicia is under its influence; she will sleep it off by and

Will you come with me to see if ctor has arrived?"

preferred to remain; so knowing was now no danger, as the room nost clear of the heavy fumes, I er comfortably settled in an easy with the fresh air blowing into the and went off to see if Dr. Herbert me.

was not Dr. Herbert, however, but a ger whom I found awaiting me in 's room. He introduced himself as rdon, the doctor's late assistant and sor, and we left the room together, he had assured us that my cousin been instantaneously killed by the fluid.

I don't understand you, Mr. East- he said, after I had explained wha' ted. "The lady you speak of was under my care; but she died last I attended her funeral yesterday, heard her will read. The poor fellow in the room we have just left was heir; he and his sister got all she

know you are telling me what you is the truth, and what others I tell me too," I answered. "There been some strange fraud practised, Gordon. Come with me, I entreat you may be able to help me unravel dark mystery. My cousin Frank is I am heir-at-law, and I want to preserve the family honor.

"You medical men come across strange I know, and often hold in your confidence which might bring men to the gallows, if their relatives gave the word. But the culprit in this case is a woman, and both for her own sake and that of her wounded victim, I wish to spare her."

The doctor held out his hand impulsively.

"I will do all I can to help you, Mr. Eastwell; you may trust me," he said earnestly, and I saw he meant what he said.

I took him straight to my aunt's room, telling him on the way what I had done with Felicia, and that as yet she did not know that Frank was dead.

"This is not the lady I attended, whose death certificate I signed," Dr. Gordon remarked, as he gazed down at Aunt Felicia; and for the moment I felt completely baffled.

"The lady I understood to be Miss Eastwell was certainly old, but her complexion was darker, and her hair not so streaked with gray."

"Rasper!" Miss Hartley and I cried in a breath, and Dr. Gordon was evidently surprised at our exclamation. He could have known nothing of Rasper, we remembered.

"What was the illness she died of?" I

"Paralysis at first, then gradual but general decay," he answered. "She could not speak nor move after the first stroke, and just grew weaker and weaker. I remember now, she used to look at me when I called her Miss Eastwell, and her eyes seemed to follow Miss Felicia in an imploring way, when she heard her use that name."

Poor Rasper! Light was dawning upon me already; I only needed a little help from Felicia. What a clever, unscrupulous schemer she was!

"Rasper was my aunt's faithful old attendant," I said. "She, being helpless and unable to explain the truth to you, and once laid was easily carried out. How they meant to manage when the real Miss Eastwell died is a mystery to me. Felicia would no doubt have arranged that, as she did all the rest, I feel sure. I say, Dr. Gordon that she was kind to old Rasper?"

"I think she was," he answered, "she did not need nursing, excepting that she desired to be watched now and then. She slept continuously for the last few days, and passed away in her sleep."

"Poor Rasper's end had been a peaceful one. I was glad of that at any rate.

"Your guardian will not die, Miss Eastwell," said the doctor kindly, seeing Frank's deep distress. "She has been in a semi-conscious state for some days, but once thoroughly rid of these drugs she will soon get all right, never fear."

Then I told him about Felicia, and he understood the plot my cousin had made. We left Rachel watching by my aunt and went to see my wretched cousin, who, at my request, undertaking charge of Frank's death.

The grey dawn was breaking as we entered her room; and she took no notice whatever of our presence until he spoke. As I had anticipated, she was like a mad creature when she took in the sense of what he said, and knew that Frank was dead.

To my amazement I discovered that my cold, self-contained cousin had once loved me, learnt for the first time, that a light, boyish speech of mine, long since forgotten, and remembered now with shame, had turned that passionate love to as passionate hate.

But with Frank's death had gone all wish to dissemble, all desire to live, and when she grew calm enough to speak coherently, the whole of her scheme, of her guilt, was told as quietly as though nothing could matter any more in this world; as indeed it could not to her, at least, poor soul.

Frank had told her that unless a certain sum was forthcoming by a date a few weeks distant, he should be utterly ruined and disgraced.

She was in despair; but that very night Aunt Felicia had found fault with Rasper, and the old lady's maid had retired in anger from her mistress's presence. Aunt Felicia had a cold, and remained in bed.

Next morning Rasper did not appear, and Felicia found her lying on the floor of her room, speechless and motionless, from a shock of paralysis. Rachel was away at her uncle's; Dr. Herbert was ill, and would probably never be able to attend again; his assistant was a stranger. Fate seemed to play into Felicia's hand.

From that hour her plans were skilfully laid, and as easily carried out, for not only was Rasper past all power of resistance, but Aunt Felicia, deprived of the company and tendance of her faithful maid, drooped more and more.

Felicia found it all very easy; she kept Rachel away, but, not until she had got her plot fairly working, did she tell her brother.

At first he had been tractable, but latterly he had felt deep remorse, especially as the man, who had held him in his power, had died suddenly and so freed him.

Finding that Felicia had gone too far to draw back, he had taken to drinking heavily, and she had lived in daily dread of his betraying her. My coming was another terror, and she had suffered tortures of guilty fear.

She had paid her visits to her captive easily enough until Rachel came home, after which she made them at night when the girl had retired. The storm had frightened her, she had waited till it was over, thinking Rachel safe in her room, and Frank and I together.

There is not much more to tell of this strange story. My grand-aunt under Dr. Gordon's skilful treatment entirely recovered, and showed such joy on seeing me, that I knew I had never lost my place in her heart.

There was of course some sensation caused by the supposed death, but though it was known that Felicia had brought herself within reach of the law, no action was taken. Frank's tragic end too helped to shield her.

Dr. Gordon and I, ably assisted by Sir John Bridges, got her quietly away to France, and safely within convent walls before the real facts of the case leaked out, and as Aunt Felicia flatly refused to prosecute, or even to speak of her own pretended death, the nine days' wonder as usual, soon subsided.

She still survives, a hale old woman of seventy-six, and is a great grand-aunt, for Rachel and I have been married some years.

Baldwin's Court echoes to the merry voices of children and the patter of little feet. We all live there together, the Grange being leased to Sir John Bridges. We sometimes hear of Felicia, in her Convent of Sainte Therese, from Sir John. She is very devout, and much given to prayer and fasting.

Aunt Felicia, Rachel and I are too happy ourselves to bear malice; she has long ago been forgiven by us for the crime that failed.

JEWELS NEVER CLAIMED.

"Would you not be rather surprised to hear that we sometimes have valuable jewelry left with us to be repaired that is left unclaimed for years and years, and, in some cases, for ever?" said a West End jeweler to the writer. "I won't say it frequently occurs, but it certainly is not a rare occurrence.

"Ladies are the worst offenders in this matter. Sometimes a lady will send a ring or another article of jewelry to have a stone reset, or something like that, without giving any particulars beyond her name; and if she is not on our books how in the world are we to return the article? Other ladies will bring something to be repaired, and say that they will call in for it in a few days, and never return or apply for their jewels—at least, not for years. I have known articles to be left unclaimed with us for as long as six and seven years.

"Altogether I should think some hundreds of articles have been left with us and never claimed—small articles, of course, but ranging in value from five to fifty dollars.

"One of the strangest cases of this kind happened some nine years ago. A lady and a gentleman brought a valuable necklace to have it set in a more fashionable pattern, and the assistant who attended them by some accident forgot to inquire their name and address. The necklace was altered and put by for the owners to claim, but they never came.

"Months grew into years. We advertised, even went so far as to employ a detective to trace the owners, for the necklace was worth more than seven thousand dollars, and we did not care to have it upon our hands in this manner; but it was never claimed, and in spite of all we did we never discovered the owners. So a short time ago, acting on the advice of our solicitor, we appropriated the necklace and made it up into different articles.

"I can tell you another strange case. A lady sent us by post three or four very valuable articles of jewelry to be altered, and omitted to enclose her address. Some weeks after there was an account in the newspapers of a robbery at a lady's house in the West End, and among the list of the articles stolen were the jewels we had had to repair.

"We communicated with the police, and they cleared the matter up. The lady who had sent them was their lawful owner, but had totally forgotten she had sent them to us.

"There was a robbery at her house, and among other things she missed the jewels, and of course thought they had been stolen. It was a very pleasing surprise for her, as the jewels were worth quite two or three thousand dollars. You would wonder how a person could be so forgetful, wouldn't you?"

JUST LIKE A MAN.—He had a grudge against a dog, growing out of the fact that the dog seemed to have a grudge against him, and he also had rather an exalted idea of his ability as a forceful and sarcastic letter-writer.

"If I were you," said his wife, "I would kill that dog the next time he came near me."

"And get into a lawsuit with the owner?" he returned scornfully. "No, I know a trick worth two of that. I'll write him a letter."

"Write who a letter—the dog?"

"Now, don't try to be funny," he retorted. "You know very well what I mean. After I have written him a letter and given him fair warning, I can kill the dog if he comes near me without danger of getting into trouble; but I feel pretty reasonably certain that it won't be necessary. After I have wakened the owner up with a scorching letter about keeping vicious dogs, I think that dog will disappear from the neighborhood."

When he submitted the missive to her she was forced to admit that it was, as he expressed it, "hot enough to make the man's hair curl." As he did not know the name of the man who owned the dog, he had to address the letter with the street and number alone, but he had seen the dog come out of the house so often that he knew there could be no mistake.

The next night when he reached home he was jubilant.

"Not a sign of the dog," he said. "I'll bet they have disposed of him already. I tell you, a man who knows how can accomplish more with a little ink and a pen than the average man can with a Gatling gun."

The next night he entered the house with the exclamation—

"I told you so. That dog's gone for certain. There hasn't so much as a growl been heard from him since I wrote;" and the third night he expatiated at length upon the value of being a good letter-writer.

The fourth night there was a letter waiting for him when he reached home, and fortunately he saw it before making any remark about the dog. Across the face of it the following was stamped: "No such number in street named." It was the letter about the dog, returned to him unopened, owing to a mistake he had made in the address.

The dog is still missing from the street, but he no longer attempts to give the reason for it.

At Home and Abroad.

Recent researches of bacteriologists have shown that the nose, besides tempering and cleaning the air for the lungs, is an excellent microbe killer. Every pint of air breathed by an adult in a city contains about 15,000 microbes, and in some parts the figure rises to millions. Yet, when this air is thrown out of the passages of the nose, it is absolutely without a microbe.

In Japan they have no milk. The natives never use it—no lowing herd is seen with the barefooted boy driving them to the milk yard. There are no pastures, and even the barnyard fowl is practically unknown. Most of the animals on the island are left wild in preserves. Milk is an animal product, and animal food is prohibited by their religion. Curiously enough, fish is not considered animal food, and is used considerably.

Russian Imperial residences rarely have enough light, and the doors are ludicrously insufficient. The Czarevitch's apartments in the Winter Palace have only one window each, and all look the same way. It seems a curious taste that preserves among the gorgeous State carriages of the Russian Imperial family the shabby sleigh, stained with blood, which conveyed Alexander II. back to the Winter Palace after he had been torn to death by a bomb. His last half-smoked cigarette is there, and the Czar's writing table just as he left it.

It is anticipated that, in the not far distant future, the great motive power of civilization may be water, as related to gravitation and electricity, and this is an additional argument for the conservation of our forests. Trees are the great water-lifters. An oak tree of average size, with seven hundred thousand leaves, lifts, it has been estimated, from the earth into the air about one hundred and twenty-three tons of water during the five months it displays its foliage. From the leaves the water is evaporated and formed into clouds, which, depositing their weight of moisture, ultimately gives us our water supplies.

In Germany, any public meeting for political purposes, or having a political tendency, must be announced to the police twenty-four hours before its taking place and a written permission must be first obtained. Unless permission is given the meeting cannot be held. Any meeting announced and the wrong time given for its holding is prohibited or dissolved. When a meeting is ordered to be dissolved by the police the chairman must immediately adjourn it, under penalty of imprisonment. Trade unions seeking legislation have frequently been regarded as organizations coming under the above head. They have had their meetings dissolved, their funds confiscated, and have also been forbidden to hold further gatherings other than to wind up their affairs.

When the remains of the late Dowager Empress of Japan were buried in great state at Kyoto a little while back, considerable difficulty was found in making the proper arrangements for the transporting the body thither. Ancient custom required that three oxen, harnessed one after the other, should draw the funeral car. The one between the shafts must have black and white spots on the body, a white star on the forehead, and white stockings on all four legs. The one immediately in front of the shafts must have cotton skin with black flecks, and the leader must be pure black. Much search was required to find the first of these three, but at last he was discovered at a remote place, and the funeral arrangements were then carried out. By ancient law provides imperatively that the oxen drawing the funeral car of any of the royal family must be marked in the manner described.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

HAMEEFA'S WEDDING.

BY J. R. E.

"I AM tired of playing. Ayah, I said one day. "Please tell me another story."

And Ayah told me of Hameefa's Wedding.

"In a lonely little village, situated in a wide, bare tract of country, and ten miles away from any other village, lived a Musselman, Sheik Ebrahim, and Hameefa, his daughter.

"Sheik Ebrahim was a much respected man, and so wise and sensible that the people of his village, Ajampoor, had made him their chief. He was called 'headman' of the village, and if any disputes arose, or if anyone quarrelled, they came to Sheik Ebrahim, and he decided all matters.

"His wife was dead, and he had no child except Hameefa, a pretty little girl just eight years old, of whom he was very proud. An aunt lived with Hameefa and her father to keep house for them, and the child went every day to school, with an old woman to take care of her and see her safely on her way.

"Hameefa, when she went out in the street, had to wear a veil which went over her head and hid all her face but her forehead and eyes; for Mohammedan girls and women, especially of good family, are never allowed to be seen unveiled except by other women or men who are their relations.

"One evening Sheik Ebrahim, who had gone to the bazar to buy tobacco for his hookah [big pipe,] was so late in returning, that Hameefa began to fear that budmashes [bad characters] had attacked him and robbed him.

She sat quietly crying in a corner of the verandah of the house, while her aunt, inside, cooked the evening meal and grumbled loudly at being kept waiting to eat it. At last Hameefa sprang up quickly and gazed down the street.

"'Here comes my father!' she cried. 'But whom has he with him? Some stranger that I know not.' And she ran into the house for her veil and slipped it over her head.

"Hameefa, cried Sheik Ebrahim, entering the house, 'where art thou? I have been long absent, my daughter, and I fear thou hast watched for me; but here I am, and with me is a little boy whom we are to take care of for a time. Take off thy veil, little one. He is but a young child only two years older than thyself, so ler once thou needst not follow the custom of our race.'

Hameefa did as she was told, and threw aside her veil to stare with much curiosity at the boy, who returned her gaze with equal interest.

"Go thou aside with the boy, Hameefa," said her father, "while I take my rice. Then ye, as children, may take your meal. Make friends while ye wait."

Hameefa took the boy shyly by the hand and led him out into the verandah where they sat down. For some minutes neither spoke. Then Hameefa, curious to know who the stranger was, broke into the silence.

"How comest thou here, brother?" she said, "and what is thy name?"

"I am called Mahomid Deen," answered the boy, "and I am, like thee, a Mohammedan."

"Where are thy father and thy mother?" asked Hameefa.

"I have lost them," said the boy with a sob.

"What dost thou mean?" said Hameefa. "Are they dead then brother?"

"No," said the boy, "not dead, but I cannot find them."

"Thou dost speak so strangely," said Hameefa. "Tell me thy story, and where and how my father found thee."

"I will tell thee," answered the boy. "A month ago some merchants came to my father's house, which is a big one in a village larger than this.

"My father was kind and entertained them well, and every day they told great stories of the lands they had travelled in, until I got so anxious to go and see what they had seen and do all they had done, that I longed to travel with them, but dared not say anything to my father, as I was only son I am.

"At last one evening one of the merchants said to my father, 'Thou hast but a son, who at thy death will inherit great wealth and have high rank, but he has seen nothing of the world. Let him come with us and travel for one year. Give us a thousand rupees, and we educate and show him the world.'

"My joy was great. 'I am willing' answered my father; and next day I bade good-bye to my parents, and a bag that contained many good family jewels which were mine by right, joined the band of merchants.

"For a month we travelled, but I saw none of the sights they had told of, and wondered if what they had said was true. Yesterday we encamped on a wide bare plain.

"We went to sleep at night, and when I woke this morning I found I was deserted my jewels were stolen—and the merchants (who must have taken them, gone! All day long I rushed hither and thither, praying to meet someone who would take care of and help me, but met no one.

"'This evening, after walking all day, I reached this village, and thy good father found me begging for food and drink in the street.

"He listened to my story, and has brought me here, but I know not how I shall find my father and mother again."

"Poor little brother!" said Hameefa, stroking his hand gently and kindly. "I am so sorry. My father is kind and will help thee, I know. Come, let us go in—I hear him calling us."

"Well, children," said Sheik Ebrahim, "are ye good friends? Come boy, and have a good meal. Then go to rest and fear not. Until we find thy people again, thou shalt be my son, for I have none, and Hameefa shall ove thee as her brother."

"Mahomed Deen, finding he was among friends, lived happy and trustfully with Sheik Ebrahim and Hameefa; and Sheik Ebrahim did his best to try and find out where the boy's father lived, but all in vain. Mahomed Deen knew his father's name, of course, and the name of his village, but both were such common names and India so big that it was impossible to discover anything satisfactory.

"Mahomed Deen," said Sheik Ebrahim, "I have sought everywhere for news of thy home, and can find none. It is sad for thee, I know, boy but stay with us and be always as a son to me. I have grown to love thee greatly."

"Thou art kind, my father," answered Mahomed Deen, with tears of disappointment in his eyes, "and I will gladly stay and be a son to thee. But by-the-by, when I am a man, I must go and seek my father, for he has no child but me."

So Mahomed Deen stayed with Sheik Ebrahim and his daughter, and the years passed away until at last Hameefa was eighteen and Mahomed Deen was twenty.

"Hameefa," said her father one day, "it is time thou wert married, my daughter. I can find none thou canst wed here, for all are of lower rank than thou or I. What a sad pity that Mahomed Deen has no real father, for then I would have wished that he should be thy husband. But Mahomed Deen has no money, except what I may give him, and no headman of a village, as I am, could let his daughter marry such an one."

Hameefa answered nothing, but her heart sank, for she loved Mahomed Deen and he loved her; and since the time they had first seen each other they had made plans of the house they would have when they were married, and of all they would do together. She told Mahomed Deen what her father had said, and he grew very sad.

"Hameefa," he said at last, "there is only one thing to be done. I must go and find my father."

That night he said good-bye to Ajampoor, and set out on his search. Two months passed, and Sheik Ebrahim came home one day to tell Hameefa he had news of a husband for her.

"He is a young man," he said, "son of the headman of a village fifty miles away, and ye are to be married in one month's time, my daughter; so make ready, for thine must be a grand wedding, Hameefa."

Hameefa thanked her father quietly, and left him, to pray that Mahomed Deen might soon return. Three weeks slipped by and still no news of him, and her heart grew heavy.

The house was full of guests come for the wedding; cakes, sweets, sherbet, and all good things were being got ready, when one day came news that a rich man with many followers had arrived at Ajampoor, and was even now coming to Sheik Ebrahim's house. Hameefa went on pounding rice, thinking it must be her bridegroom, whom she did not wish to see, but attracted by the cries of the crowd, and the tramp of the horses' feet at the door, she went to peep through the lattice. She saw her father bowing low before a handsome, richly-dressed man.

"Sheik Ebrahim," she heard the stranger say, "many years ago thou didst me a kindness. My son was deserted, robbed, forsaken, and thou finding him didst give him a home. After years of weary waiting my son came home to me, having travelled far and wide in search of me. To-day I bring him back to thee. Mahomed Deen?" he called, "come and salute thy kind friend."

And Hameefa's eyes grew bright with joy as the young man sprang forward to embrace her father.

"Thou hast a daughter, is it not so?" continued the stranger. "I have come to do more than thank thee. I have come to beg thee to give thy daughter to be the wife of my son, Mahomed Deen. He has wealth and rank, and has loved her from child."

"You do me great honor, sir," said Sheik Ebrahim, "but alas! she is promised to another."

"I have heard of that," said his visitor, "for I have met the bridegroom thou hadst chosen. With a gold belt studded with rubies have I recompensed him, and he will seek thy daughter no longer. He loves another."

"If that is so," said Sheik Ebrahim, "gladly will I let Hameefa wed Mahomed Deen."

And a fortnight later Hameefa's wedding was celebrated with much splendor.

FOR FIGHTING PURPOSES. The bulls used for fighting purposes in Spain are a specially selected, specially cared for class. They are all pedigree animals. Australia is, above all the district of the bull.

Here, at the age of one year, the young bulls are separated from the heifers, branded with the owner's mark, and turned out loose on the plains to graze with others of their own age.

When a year older, the young bulls are gathered together in order that their mettle and fighting qualities may be tested.

One of them is separated from the herd and chased by a man on horseback, who by skilful use of a blunted lance, overthrows the escaping bull, whereupon another rider comes in front of the animal with a sharper lance to withstand the expected attack.

If the bull on regaining his feet attacks the rider twice, he is passed as a fighting animal, but if he turns tail and runs off, he is set aside to be killed or to be used in agricultural work.

And so with each animal, until the whole herd of the two-year-olds has been tested.

Each bull that has stood the test successfully is then entered in the herd-book, with a description of his appearance, and receives a name, such as "Espartero," "Hanenco," and the like. This process of careful selection goes on from year to year until the bull is five years old, when should his mettle prove true, he is ready for the arena, and flaming posters appear on the walls of Madrid or Seville announcing that "Espario" (or whatever his name is will, on such-and-such a date, make his first appearance.

A good "warrantable" five-year-old bull for the fighting ring costs about four hundred dollars.

AT THE RUSSIAN COURT.—The favored girls who are chosen to become maids of honor to the Czarina are usually the daughters of high officials and officers at the Court.

They are educated at special schools and are taught the etiquette which later is to become a part of their daily life.

The prospective maids of honor wear a costume at this time of plain black, and a peculiar feature of these dresses is that the sleeves and necks are separate pieces, so arranged that they can be instantly removed.

The reason for this is that in case of a surprise visit from the Court such parts of the gowns are at once removable, and they can appear decollete.

When a maid of honor enters upon her new duties she is at once considered a member of the Court, and attends all official ceremonies. The costume then worn is, of course, superb.

The gown is of rich white satin, buttoned from neck to hem with precious stones, with a tunic over it of gold-embroidered purple velvet, with large hanging sleeves and a long train.

The most peculiar and distinctive part the costume is the head-dress, or kokochink, as it is called. It is of velvet, encrusted with jewels, and is a relic of antiquity in form.

On the left shoulder the maid of honor wears a pale-blue ribbon worked with the monogram of the Czarina.

After a few years the monogram is replaced with a portrait of the Imperial mistress, framed in brilliants. The purple tunic is then discarded for one of emerald and silver.

The World's Events.

A good camel will travel 100 miles a day for ten days.

Canaries have been known to live twenty-one years.

Not a single infectious disease is known in Greenland.

There are more than 1,000 islands over which the flag of Japan floats.

In Siberia the State prisoners of the Czar are allowed a rest and holiday on New Year's Day.

The hide of the hippopotamus, in certain parts, attains a thickness of two inches.

The largest wrought iron pillar is at Delhi, in India. It is six feet high and weighs seventeen tons.

There are several "giant bells" in Moscow, the largest, "the King of Bells," weighing 32,000 pounds.

The United States produced two-thirds of the cotton consumed by the world for the last sixty-seven years.

Blacksmiths' tools of the present day are almost identical with those used in the same trade over three hundred years ago.

Two sexton beetles will bury a mole in an hour, a feat equivalent to two men interring a whale in the same length of time.

In France if a person dies with more debts than can be covered by his estate, the doctor's bill has precedence over all other claims.

The orange is a long-lived tree, living and producing fruit for a hundred years, the old trees producing more and better fruit than the young ones.

The witch-hazel in many parts of this country is still considered as a magic plant, in some local traditions it is alluded to as playing a part in charms.

There are about 2,000 persons in France who are set down as Anarchists, and are under the constant watch of the police of the various European countries.

The coffee-tree in a wild state will grow to a height of thirty feet; when cultivated, it is pruned down to five feet for convenience in gathering the berries.

It is said that toothache can generally be cured immediately by putting a small piece of cotton, saturated with strong ammonia, into the hollow of the affected tooth.

Some of the African tribes pull their fingers till the joints "crack" as a form of salutation, and one tribe has the curious fashion of showing friendship by standing back to back.

A well-known specialist on ear diseases has made the announcement that half the deafness prevalent at the present time can be traced to the practice of boxing the ears of children.

The hornbills of Africa and India plaster up and imprison the hen birds in a hole in the tree, with only a small opening left in the plaster through which to feed them and their young when hatched.

Japanese children are called by their family name, or "last" name, first, and their "given," or Christian, second. It is as if we were to call our youngsters "Jones Tom," "Smith Peter," "Robinson Mary."

It is stated that animal life appears to be almost absent in the neighborhood of the North Pole. Beyond latitude 81 degrees Dr. Nansen met with no whales, seals, walrus, or bears, though dogfishes were seen as high as 84 degrees.

The rent of a good deer forest in Scotland often runs into some thousands of pounds. A very heavy expenditure is entailed in the necessity of keeping fences in order, restocking, and maintaining large numbers of keepers, beaters, and other dependents.

"Jeanie Deans'" gravestone in Irongray churchyard is being clipped away by relic hunters. The name of the girl, whose story Sir Walter Scott used in "The Heart of Midlothian," and whose appeal to the Duke of Argyll procured her sister's pardon, was Helen Walker.

There is one infallible symptom indicating whether one is sane or not. Let a person speak ever so rationally, and act ever so sedately, if his or her thumbs remain inactive there is no doubt of insanity. Lunatics seldom make use of their thumbs when writing, drawing, or saluting.

When Sir John Herschel was defending the science of astronomy in a view of a mistake of nearly 4,000,000 of miles in estimating the distance of the sun, the correction was shown to apply to an error of observation so small as to be equivalent to the apparent breadth of a human hair at a distance of 125 feet.

The amount of meat served out daily to the French soldier is ten and a half ounces, the maximum received by the German is a little less than nine, and the Austrian a trifle more than seven pennyweights under ten. Italy gives each of her soldiers under seven ounces of fresh meat a day; the meat ration of the Muscovite fighting man is seven ounces and a fraction, and that of the Turk nine.

LIGHT.

BY F. W. B.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

BURIALS AT SEA.

Stop of almost any kind is like an in one respect—death is specially to come in it; and it is got rid of, as as possible. But, common as at sea are, many people have a horror of them. If a friend of theirs should die on ship- they spare nothing to ensure the remains shall be interred in the manner.

years ago the firemen of an liner, on surreptitiously visiting room when the ship was two out from Liverpool, found a large close to the stock, and they noticed it was pushed in further and further the fire was consumed during the None of them knew what the contained till New York was and an undertaker's cart came and took away the box.

Then they heard for the first time it was an improvised coffin, con- the body of a passenger who died shortly after the boat had left stown. The relations of the de- wealthy people—objected to the being committed to the deep, so was determined to preserve it till land Had the firemen suspected was in the box, the ice would have safe from their thievish hands that

When sharks persistently hang on to and sailors say that if a vessel a corpse on board they will some- keep at her stern for days—the to cast a body into the deep pardonable. In a case where really happened, a captain read up article in an encyclopedia he had in and, from the details there succeeded in embalming the which he eventually buried on an in the Pacific.

whatever may be thought of the thy to sea burial, there is now no in respecting it in Atlantic To-day the "crack" boats carry of metallic coffins for the re- of the bodies of such saloon gers as may die in crossing the and in these they are transported with perfect safety.

steerage passengers, however, when depart this life, are usually dis- with scant ceremony. They in orange-boxes or wrapped canvas, and then promptly "dumped" that is, thrown—into the sea, not in- without any speed being off the ship. What are they that engines should be slowed down? sailors, if they die on the ocean, generally committed to the waters, other their friends and relations like not.

There are exceptions, but they are few. The writer knows a skipper once drove his ship along faster she had ever been driven before in anxiety to reach a southern port in to hand over the body of a subordi- who had died at sea: indeed, it some hundreds of dollars to over- the engines and boilers after that He succeeded, arriving at his des- about three days after the death the man. Still, this is one case out thousand, perhaps a million. of bodies have descended to their grave in less than an hour after has left them.

Sailors almost always go to their last resting-place in the same way—wrapped in canvas, and with some old firebars at the feet to take them to the bottom. But on one occasion a man was cremated in novel circumstances. He died in a ship lying off an eastern port, and the captain, for reasons connected with quarantine, did not want to take him ashore, and was still less inclined to "dump" him, as the body might have been washed up on the beach. At last the skipper resolved to get out of the difficulty by burning the remains, and this was actually done. A quantity of inflammable stuff was thrown into one of the furnaces, and then the dead man was carried into the stokehold, and, an amended funeral service having been read over him, committed to the roaring flames. Everything, however, was done "decently and in order;" and there was no unseemly haste, no want of reverence, no lack of respect for the deceased.

Of course there have been at sea many burials remarkable for one reason or another. A very strange one took place from an Atlantic liner some years back. At the time referred to the steerage fare from Liverpool to New York was $14.00, and, as many passengers could not afford to pay that amount, it was a common practice for firemen to stow people away. The customary arragement was that the ocean "bilker" should give two stokers $5.00 apiece, in return for which they agreed to look after him during the voyage, provided he kept close, and to let him out a little while at night for exercise.

One of these stowaways was an Irishman, who was secreted in a room close to the stokers' quarters. He was in ill health when the ship left the Mersey, and, instead of getting better, he became worse, and at last one of his keepers found him dead. This placed the firemen in an awful position. If they revealed their secret, the chances were that they would at least be called upon to pay the man's passage money, which would probably be deducted from their wages. But what alarmed them was the thought that they would be considered responsible for the man's death, although they had, as a fact, done everything they possibly could for their charge. One of the stokers has since confessed to the writer that he was half inclined to "make a hole in the water," and so escape from the predicament.

Eventually, however, the men sewed up the body in some sacking, having previously weighted it with lumps of coal smuggled out of the stokehold. Then they obtained the assistance of a comrade, and, in fear and trembling, carried it to the deck, where they waited in the greatest trepidation for a chance to throw their burden overboard unperceived. It came at last. One heave, and over the corpse went, and then they rushed below with an inexpressible sense of relief. From that day to this neither of the men has assisted anybody to cross the ocean clandestinely.

Grains of Gold.

Some very large trees bear very little fruit.

Winking at sin will soon ruin the eyesight.

No gift offered by love is ever too small.

You know the man when you know the company he keeps.

It is better to have little talent and a noble purpose, than much talent and no purpose.

Nothing pays smaller dividends in spiritual results, than making a special of discovering the shortcomings of other folks.

Much of the tension in this world is caused by the long [illegible] trying to pound out [illegible]

It is impossible to discourage the man, who has learned to [illegible] condition he finds himself, therewith to be content.

Femininities.

The smell of perfume is said to prolong life.

Fully one-third of the female population of France labors on farms.

When have women the greatest right to jump at a proposal of marriage?—In leap-year.

Husband: Hang it! I've got the rheumatism this morning. Wife: O you mean thing! I wanted to go out to-day, and that's a sure sign of rain.

"Do you believe in love in a cottage?" he asked fondly. "I am willing to," she replied, in a business tone, "without putting the experiment to a test."

"Your hair is always so handsomely dressed, fraulein. You must devote a great deal of attention to it." "Yes, I must confess my head is my chief weakness."

Princess Maud of Wales, whom we now know as Princess Charles of Denmark, has just written a comedietta which has been accepted by Sir Henry Irving for the Lyceum.

A certain amount of military instinct in children seems universal, for a New York toy firm dispatches every year several hundred thousand tin swords to all parts of the world.

Miss Elder, speaking of her favorite bird: Really, a more intelligent canary never was. It is almost human. Uncle Harry: Yes, I've noticed it always sets up a chatter as soon as anybody begins to sing or to play on the piano.

It is reported that at the time of Victoria's marriage it was suggested that the word "obey" might be left out of her response. The Queen instantly checked this piece of snobbery, and declared that she would be married "like any other woman."

Mme. Diaz, the wife of the Mexican President, is a woman of progressive ideas. She has founded a home where girls can always find employment, a nursery where working women's children are cared for, and a Magdalen home for repentant sinners.

Berlin lately possessed a ten-year-old boy with a high sense of his own dignity. At his older sister's birthday party he received a piece of birthday cake a little smaller than hers, whereupon he went to the next room and hanged himself by a string to the door latch.

The Queen's coronation ring is never out of her sight and is worn by her every evening. It is a band of gold containing a cross in rubies, surmounted by white brilliants. A coronation ring is supposed to symbolize the wedding of the sovereign wit the nation.

Princess Theresa of Bavaria, a maiden lady of mature years, and as eccentric in her appearance as in her behavior, has explored all South America, as well as unknown parts of Siberia, her services to the cause of geography having won for her honorary membership of most of the geographical societies of Europe.

No more elegant compliment was ever paid to a preacher than that of King Louis XIV, of France, to Jean Baptiste Massillon, Bishop of Clermont. Said he: "I have heard many great preachers, and the effect they produced on me was that I felt thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I heard you I have been dissatisfied with myself."

Her Majesty and Prince Albert were on a trip in the north of England and a gentleman in hearty fashion expressed his pleasure he felt at seeing the consort and his wife." The Prince was greatly delighted at the homely reference, and expressed a desire that his beloved partner should be spoken of by an appellation which was the highest honor that could be bestowed upon any woman.

State etiquette in Paris has emerged from an awkward dilemma. When ladies are congratulated by the president of the republic it is the rule for him to confer a paternal salute. President Faure has fulfilled the congation in the case of sisters of charity, but when it came to be the turn of an actress the situation was delicate. Mdlle. Marsy of the Comedie Francaise gained the winner of the Auteuil steeplechase and the president was called upon to express the usual rapture. He appears to have deputed somebody to perform the ceremony, though why the [illegible] public should concern himself [illegible] classes is one of the mysteries of [illegible] tion.

A famous physiognomist declared [illegible] the modern woman is ra[illegible] nose of the modern woman [illegible] purse, earnestness, [illegible] severance, and an ab[illegible] prompt and [illegible] and that the [illegible]

Masculinities.

More than four-fifths of the people of London never enter a place of worship.

Advice is a good thing in its place, but it isn't everyone who can hit the place.

Green: Are you going to speak to her father? Brown: I am not. I'm afraid he's going to speak to me.

The Viceroy of India has the highest salaried office under the British Government. He receives $130,000 a year for his services.

This odd wish is commonly expressed at Japanese festivals: "May you live to such an age that your back is as bent as a bobstaff."

The oddest mnemonic curiosity is, that a woman who never knows her own age knows to half an hour that of all her female friends.

Governor Pingree of Michigan, when on a recent visit to Lansing, could not buy a white vest in town large enough to circle his ample waist.

There are in Russia 12,171 private and about 1000 military physicians, making on the average one physician to every 10,000 of the population.

Mother, catching her son at the jam-pot: Johnnie, what are you doing? Didn't you pray last night to be made a saint? Johnnie: Yes; but not till after I was dead.

Harry: What girl was that you had in tow last evening? Willy, indignantly: What you are pleased to call "tow" is usually spoken of by people of culture as "blond tresses."

"Imaginashun tew mutche indulged in," says Josh Billings, "soon is tortured into reality. This is one way good hosstheives are made: a man leans over a fence all day and imagines the hoss belongs tew him, and, sure enuff, the first dark night the hoss does."

The citizens of Pittsburg are to erect a monument to Stephen Collins Foster, the composer of "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," "Old Black Joe" and "My Old Kentucky Home." He was a native of Pittsburg, and he is buried in the Allegheny Cemetery, of that city.

A curious custom prevails in Bulgaria. All newly married women are obliged to remain dumb for a month after marriage, except when addressed by their husbands. When it is desirable to remove the restriction permanently the husband presents her with a gift, and then she can chatter to her heart's content.

A little boy whose father never uses a razor was much amused and interested on the morning after his arrival at his uncle's house to see that gentleman shaving. "Why, uncle Fred," he exclaimed, after watching the operation for a few moments, "I can't think what makes you wash your face with that little broom and wipe it off with a knife! Papa doesn't."

Cashiers of banks and corporations who handle large sums of money daily are to be protected, it is said, by means of a newly patented window, which consists of a steel guillotine hanging over the window on pulleys, the rope reaching down to the floor, where they connect with a lever which, on its opening by the foot to drop the window descends whenever there is danger, without the aid of a watching eye by an outsider.

George M. Edgerton, of Mechanicsville, Vt., went to Rutland on Monday with a frog in his throat in the shape of a silver spoon which he had swallowed the day before at his home. Mr. Edgerton went to a physician, where the doctor applied [illegible] to the throat. The dollar was located in the upper part of the chest. An [illegible] then passed down the throat and the [illegible] removed.

A gentleman had left his [illegible] at an [illegible] and [illegible] on [illegible] something to eat, [illegible] the [illegible] to the meal. On returning he found the [illegible] of the ring and the [illegible] of passengers, the seat had been [illegible] on lady's garments. To his [illegible] her lofty reply was: "Do you [illegible] am one of the Director's wives." "Madam," he replied, "if I were you I [illegible] it, I should still pr[illegible] test."

A man had been up for an [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

HAMEEFA'S WEDDING.

"I AM tired of playing, Ayah, I said one day. "Please tell me another story."

And Ayah told me of Hameefa's Wedding.

"In a lonely little village, situated in a wide, bare tract of country, and ten miles away from any other village, lived a Mussulman, Sheik Ebrahim, and Hameefa, his daughter.

"Sheik Ebrahim was a much respected man, and so wise and sensible that the people of his village, Ajampoor, had made him their chief. He was called 'headman' of the village, and if any disputes arose, or if anyone quarrelled, they came to Sheik Ebrahim, and he decided all matters.

"His wife was dead, and he had no child except Hameefa, a pretty little girl just eight years old, of whom he was very proud. An aunt lived with Hameefa and her father to keep house for them, and the child went every day to school, with an old woman to take care of her and see her safely on her way.

"Hameefa, when she went out in the street, had to wear a veil which went over her head and hid all her face but her forehead and eyes; for Mohammedan girls and women, especially of good family, are never allowed to be seen unveiled except by other women or men who are their relations.

"One evening Sheik Ebrahim, who had gone to the bazar to buy tobacco for his hookah (a pipe, you see), was so late in returning, that Hameefa began to fear that bad Jinnies (evil characters) had attacked him and robbed him.

She sat quietly crying in a corner of the verandah of the house, while her aunt, inside, cooked the evening meal and grumbled loudly at being kept waiting to eat it. At last Hameefa sprang up quickly and gazed down the street.

"'Here comes my father!' she cried. 'But whom has he with him? Some stranger that I know not.' And she ran into the house for her veil and slipped it over her head.

"Hameefa, cried Sheik Ebrahim, entering the house, 'where art thou? I have been long absent, my daughter, and I fear thou hast watched for me; but here I am, and with me is a little boy whom we are to take care of for a time. Take off thy veil, little one. He is but a young child — a two years older than thyself, so for once thou needst not follow the custom of our race.'

Hameefa did as she was told, and threw aside her veil, looking with much curiosity at the boy, who returned her gaze with equal interest.

"'... then ... with the boy, Hameefa,' said her father, 'while I take my rice. Then we, as children, may take your meal. Make friends while we wait.'

Hameefa took the boy shyly by the hand and led him out into the verandah where they sat down. For some minutes neither spoke. Then Hameefa, curious to know who the stranger was, broke into the silence.

"'Hast comest thou here, brother?' she said, 'and what is thy name?'

"'I am called Mahomed Deen,' answered the boy, 'and I am, like thee, a Mohammedan.'

"'Where are thy father and thy mother?' asked Hameefa.

"'I have lost them,' said the boy with a sob.

"'What dost thou mean?' said Hameefa. 'Are they dead then brother?'

"'No,' said the boy, 'not dead, but I cannot find them.'

"'Thou dost speak so strangely,' said Hameefa. 'Tell me thy story, and where and how my father found thee.'

"'I will tell thee,' answered the boy. 'A month ago some merchants came to my father's house, which is a big one in a village larger than this.

"'My father was kind and entertained them well, and every day they told great stories of the lands they had travelled in, until I got so anxious to go and see what they had seen and do all they had done, that I longed to travel with them, but feared to say anything to my father, whom I love.

"'At last one morning one of the merchants came to my father. "Thou hast here a son, who if he lived will inherit great wealth and have high rank, but he has seen nothing of the world. Let him come with us and travel for one year. Give us a thousand rupees, and we educate and show him the world.'

"'My joy was great. "I am willing" answered my father; and next day I bade good-bye to my parents, and a bag that contained many good family jewels which were mine by right, joined the band of merchants.

"'For a month we travelled, but I saw none of the sights they had told of, and wondered if what they had said was true. Yesterday we encamped on a wide bare plain.

"'We went to sleep at night, and when I woke this morning I found I was deserted — my jewels were stolen — and the merchants (who must have taken them) gone! All day long I rushed hither and thither, praying to meet someone who would take care of and help me, but met no one.

"'This evening, after walking all day, I reached this village, and thy good father found me begging for food and drink in the street.

"'He listened to my story, and has brought me here, but I know not how I shall find my father and mother again.'

"'Poor little brother!' said Hameefa, stroking his hand gently and kindly. "I am so sorry. My father is kind and will help thee, I know. Come, let us go in — I hear him calling us.'

"'Well, children,' said Sheik Ebrahim, 'are ye good friends? Come boy, and have a good meal. Then go to rest and fear not. I will we find thy people again, thou shalt be my son, for I have none, and Hameefa shall love thee as her brother.'

"'Mahomed Deen, finding he was among friends, lived happy and trustfully with Sheik Ebrahim and Hameefa; and Sheik Ebrahim did his best to try and find out where the boy's father lived, but all in vain. Mahomed Deen knew his father's name, of course, and the name of his village, but both were such common names and India so big that it was impossible to discover anything satisfactory.

"'Mahomed Deen,' said Sheik Ebrahim, "I have sought everywhere for news of thy home, and can find none. It is sad for thee, I know, boy, but stay with us and be always as a son to me. I have grown to love thee greatly.'

"'Thou art kind, my father,' answered Mahomed Deen, with tears of disappointment in his eyes, "and I will gladly stay and be a son to thee. But by-the-by, when I am a man, I must go and seek my father, for he has no child but me.'

So Mahomed Deen stayed with Sheik Ebrahim and his daughter, and the years passed away until at last Hameefa was eighteen and Mahomed Deen was twenty.

"'Hameefa,' said her father one day, "it is time thou were married, my daughter. I can find none thou canst wed here, for all are of lower rank than thou or I. What a sad pity that Mahomed Deen has no real father, for then I would have wished that he should be thy husband. But Mahomed Deen has no money, except what I may give him, and no headman of a village, as I am, could let his daughter marry such an one.'

Hameefa answered nothing, but her heart sank, for she loved Mahomed Deen and he loved her; and since the time they had first seen each other they had made plans of the house they would have when they were married, and of all they would do together. She told Mahomed Deen what her father had said, and he grew very sad.

"'Hameefa,' he said at last, "there is only one thing to be done. I must go and find my father.'

That night he said good-bye to Ajampoor, and set out on his search. Two months passed, and Sheik Ebrahim came home one day to tell Hameefa he had news of a husband for her.

"'He is a young man,' he said, "son of the headman of a village fifty miles away, and ye are to be married in one month's time, my daughter; so make ready, for thine must be a grand wedding, Hameefa.'

Hameefa thanked her father quietly, and left him, to pray that Mahomed Deen might soon return. Three weeks slipped by and still no news of him, and her heart grew heavy.

The house was full of guests come for the wedding; cakes, sweets, sherbet, and all good things were being got ready, when one day came news that a rich man with many followers had arrived at Ajampoor, and was even now coming to Sheik Ebrahim's house. Hameefa went on pounding rice, thinking it must be her bridegroom, whom she did not wish to see, but attracted by the noise of the crowd, and the tramp of the horses' feet at the door, she went to peep through the lattice. She saw her father saluting low before a handsome, richly dressed man.

"'Sheik Ebrahim,' she heard the stranger say, "many years ago thou didst me a kindness. My son was deserted, robbed, forsaken, and thou finding him didst give him a home. After years of weary waiting my son came home to me, having travelled far and wide in search of me. To-day I bring him back to thee, Mahomed Deen!" he called, "come and salute thy kind friend."

And Hameefa's eyes grew bright with joy as the young man sprang forward to embrace her father.

"'Thou hast a daughter, is it not so?" continued the stranger. "I have come to do more than thank thee. I have come to beg thee to give thy daughter to be the wife of my son, Mahomed Deen. He has wealth and rank, and has loved her from child."

"'You do me great honor, sir,' said Sheik Ebrahim, "but alas! she is promised to another."

"'I have heard of that,' said his visitor, "for I have met the bridegroom thou hadst chosen. With a gold belt studded with rubies have I recompensed him, and he will seek thy daughter no longer. He loves another."

"'If that is so," said Sheik Ebrahim, "gladly will I let Hameefa wed Mahomed Deen."

And a fortnight later Hameefa's wedding was celebrated with much splendor.

FOR FIGHTING PURPOSES. The bulls used for fighting purposes in Spain are a specially selected, specially cared for class. They are all pedigree animals. Australia is, above all the district of the bull.

Here, at the age of one year, the young bulls are separated from the heifers, branded with the owner's mark, and turned out loose on the plains to graze with others of their own age.

When a year older, the young bulls are gathered together in order that their mettle and fighting qualities may be tested.

One of them is separated from the herd and chased by a man on horseback, who by skilful use of a blunted lance, overthrows the escaping bull, whereupon another rider comes in front of the animal with a sharper lance to withstand the expected attack.

If the bull on regaining his feet attacks the rider twice, he is passed as a fighting animal, but if he turns tail and runs off, he is set aside to be killed or to be used in agricultural work.

And so with each animal, until the whole herd of the two-year-olds has been tested.

Each bull that has stood the test successfully is then entered in the herd-book, with a description of his appearance, and receives a name, such as "Esparteto," "Hamenco," and the like. This process of careful selection goes on from year to year until the bull is five years old, when should his mettle prove true, he is ready for the arena, and flaming posters appear on the walls of Madrid or Seville announcing that "Esparto" or whatever his name is will, on such-and-such a date, make his first appearance.

A good "warrantable" five-year-old bull for the fighting ring costs about four hundred dollars.

AT THE RUSSIAN COURT. The favored girls who are chosen to become maids of honor to the Czarina are usually the daughters of high officials and officers at the Court.

They are educated at special schools and are taught the etiquette which later is to become a part of their daily life.

The prospective maids of honor wear a costume at this time of plain black, and a peculiar feature of these dresses is that the sleeves and necks are separate pieces, so arranged that they can be instantly removed.

The reason for this is that in case of a surprise visit from the Court such parts of the gowns are at once removable, and they can appear decollete.

When a maid of honor enters upon her new duties she is at once considered a member of the Court, and attends all official ceremonies. The costume then worn is, of course, superb.

The gown is of rich white satin, buttoned from neck to hem with precious stones, with a tunic over it of gold-embroidered purple velvet, with large hanging sleeves and a long train.

The most peculiar and distinctive part the costume is the head-dress, or kokochnik, as it is called. It is of velvet, encrusted with jewels, and is a relic of antiquity in form.

On the left shoulder the maid of honor wears a pale-blue ribbon worked with the monogram or the Czarina.

After a few years the monogram is replaced with a portrait of the Imperial mistress, framed in brilliants. The purple tunic is then discarded for one of emerald and silver.

The World's Events.

A good camel will travel 100 miles a day for ten days.

Canaries have been known to live twenty-one years.

Not a single infectious disease is known in Greenland.

There are more than 1,000 islands over which the flag of Japan floats.

In Siberia the State prisoners of the Czar are allowed a rest and holiday on New Year's Day.

The hide of the hippopotamus, in certain parts, attains a thickness of two inches.

The largest wrought iron pillar is at Delhi, in India. It is six feet high and weighs seventeen tons.

There are several "giant bells" in Moscow, the largest, "the King of Bells," weighing 192,000 pounds.

The United States produced two-thirds of the cotton consumed by the world for the last sixty-seven years.

Blacksmiths' tools of the present day are almost identical with those used in the same trade over three hundred years ago.

Two sexton beetles will bury a mole in an hour, a feat equivalent to two men burying a whale in the same length of time.

In France if a person dies with more debts than can be covered by his estate, the doctor's bill has precedence over all other claims.

The orange is a long-lived tree, living and producing fruit for a hundred years, the old trees producing more and better fruit than the young ones.

The witch-hazel in many parts of this country is still considered as a magic plant. In some local traditions it is alluded to as playing a part in charms.

There are about 2,000 persons in France who are set down as Anarchists, and are under the constant watch of the police of the various European countries.

The coffee-tree in a wild state will grow to a height of thirty feet; when cultivated, it is pruned down to five feet for convenience in gathering the berries.

It is said that toothache can generally be cured immediately by putting a small piece of cotton, saturated with strong ammonia, into the hollow of the affected tooth.

Some of the African tribes pull their fingers till the joints "crack" as a form of salutation, and one tribe has the curious fashion of showing friendship by standing back to back.

A well-known specialist on ear diseases has made the announcement that half the deafness prevalent at the present time can be traced to the practice of boxing the ears of children.

The hornbills of Africa and India plaster up and imprison the hen birds in a hole in the tree, with only a small opening left in the plaster through which to feed them and their young when hatched.

Japanese children are called by their family name, or "last" name, first, and then "given," or Christian, second. It is as if we were to call our youngsters "Jones Tompsmith Peter," "Robinson Mary."

It is stated that animal life appears to be almost absent in the neighborhood of the North Pole. Beyond latitude 81 degrees Nansen met with no whales, seals, walruses, bears, though dogfishes were seen as high as 83 degrees.

The rent of a good deer forest in Scotland often runs into some thousands of pounds. A very heavy expenditure is entailed in the necessity of keeping fences in order, stocking, and maintaining large numbers of keepers, beaters, and other dependents.

"Jeanie Deans'" gravestone in Irongray churchyard is being clipped away by relic hunters. The name of the girl whose story Sir Walter Scott used in "The Heart of Midlothian," and whose appeal to the Duke of Argyll procured her sister's pardon, was Helen Walker.

There is one infallible symptom of indicating whether one is sane or not. Let a person speak ever so rationally, and act ever so sedately, if his or her thumbs remain inactive there is no doubt of insanity. Lunatics seldom make use of their thumbs when writing, drawing, or saluting.

When Sir John Herschel was defending the science of astronomy in a view of a mistake of nearly 1,000,000 of miles in estimating the distance of the sun, the correction shown to apply to an error of observation so small as to be equivalent to the apparent breadth of a human hair at a distance of a foot.

The amount of meat served out to the French soldier is ten and a half ounces, the maximum received by the German little less than nine, and the Austrian a trifle more than seven pounds. Italy gives her soldiers under seven ounces of fresh meat a day; the ment ration of the Muscovite Ingman is seven ounces and a fraction more that of the Turk nine.

LIGHT.

BY F. W. B.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

BURIALS AT SEA.

A ship of almost any kind is like an hotel in one respect—death is specially unwelcome in it; and it is got rid of, as speedily as possible. But, common as funerals at sea are, many people have a particular horror of them. If a friend or relation of theirs should die on shipboard, they spare nothing to ensure that the remains shall be interred in the usual manner.

Some years ago the firemen of an Atlantic liner, on surreptitiously visiting the ice-room when the ship was two days out from Liverpool, found a large box close to the stock, and they noticed that it was pushed in further and further as the ice was consumed during the voyage. None of them knew what the chest contained till New York was reached, and an undertaker's cart came down and took away the box.

Then they heard for the first time that it was an improvised coffin, containing the body of a passenger who had died shortly after the boat had left Queenstown. The relations of the deceased—wealthy people—objected to the corpse being committed to the deep, so it was determined to preserve it till land was gained. Had the firemen suspected what was in the box, the ice would have been safe from their thievish hands that voyage.

When sharks persistently hang on to ships—and sailors say that if a vessel has a corpse on board they will sometimes keep at her stern for days—the reluctance to cast a body into the deep is very pardonable. In a case where this really happened, a captain read up an article in an encyclopædia he had in his cabin, and, from the details there given, succeeded in embalming the body, which he eventually buried on an island in the Pacific.

But, whatever may be thought of the antipathy to sea burial, there is now no difficulty in respecting it in Atlantic liners. To-day the "crack" boats carry a number of metallic coffins for the reception of the bodies of such saloon passengers as may die in crossing the ocean, and in these they are transported to land with perfect safety.

Steerage passengers, however, when they depart this life, are usually disposed of with scant ceremony. They are placed in orange-boxes or wrapped in canvas, and then promptly "dumped"—that is, thrown—into the sea, not infrequently without any speed being taken off the ship. What are they that the engines should be slowed down? And sailors, if they die on the ocean, are generally committed to the waters, whether their friends and relations like it or not.

There are exceptions, but they are very few. The writer knows a skipper who once drove his ship along faster than she had ever been driven before in his anxiety to reach a southern port in time to hand over the body of a subordinate who had died at sea; indeed, it cost some hundreds of dollars to overhaul the engines and boilers after that trip. He succeeded, arriving at his destination about three days after the death of the man. Still, this is one case out of a thousand, perhaps a million. Plenty of bodies have descended to their watery grave in less than an hour after life has left them.

Sailors almost always go to their last resting-place in the same way—wrapped in canvas, and with some old firebars at the feet to take them to the bottom. But on one occasion a man was cremated in novel circumstances. He died in a ship lying off an eastern port, and the captain, for reasons connected with quarantine, did not want to take him ashore, and was still less inclined to "dump" him, as the body might have been washed up on the beach. At last the skipper resolved to get out of the difficulty by burning the remains, and this was actually done. A quantity of inflammable stuff was thrown into one of the furnaces, and then the dead man was carried into the stokehold, and, an amended funeral service having been read over him, committed to the roaring flames. Everything, however, was done "decently and in order;" and there was no unseemly haste, no want of reverence, no lack of respect for the deceased.

Of course there have been at sea many burials remarkable for one reason or another. A very strange one took place from an Atlantic liner some years back. At the time referred to the steerage fare from Liverpool to New York was $14.00, and, as many passengers could not afford to pay that amount, it was a common practice for firemen to stow people away. The customary arragement was that the ocean "bilker" should give two stokers $5.00 apiece, in return for which they agreed to look after him during the voyage, provided he kept close, and to let him out a little while at night for exercise.

One of these stowaways was an Irishman, who was secreted in a room close to the stokers' quarters. He was in ill health when the ship left the Mersey, and, instead of getting better, he became worse, and at last one of his keepers found him dead. This placed the firemen in an awful position. If they revealed their secret, the chances were that they would at least be called upon to pay the man's passage money, which would probably be deducted from their wages. But what alarmed them was the thought that they would be considered responsible for the man's death, although they had, as a fact, done everything they possibly could for their charge. One of the stokers has since confessed to the writer that he was half inclined to "make a hole in the water," and so escape from the predicament.

Eventually, however, the men sewed up the body in some sacking, having previously weighted it with lumps of coal smuggled out of the stokehold. Then they obtained the assistance of a comrade, and, in fear and trembling, carried it to the deck, where they waited in the greatest trepidation for a chance to throw their burden overboard unperceived. It came at last. One heave, and over the corpse went, and then they rushed below with an inexpressible sense of relief. From that day to this neither of the men has assisted anybody to cross the ocean clandestinely.

Grains of Gold.

Some very large trees bear very little fruit.

Winking at sin will soon ruin the eyesight.

No gift offered by love is ever too small.

You know the man when you know the company he keeps.

It is better to have little talent and a noble purpose, than much talent and no purpose.

Nothing pays smaller dividends in spiritual results, than making a specialty of discovering the shortcomings of other folks.

Much of the trouble in this world is caused by the man with the beam in his eye trying to point out the mote in his brother's eye.

It is impossible to discourage the man, who has learned in whatsoever condition he finds himself, therewith to be content.

Femininities.

The smell of perfume is said to prolong life.

Fully one-third of the female population of France labors on farms.

When have women the greatest right to jump at a proposal of marriage?—In leap-year.

Husband: Hang it! I've got the rheumatism this morning. Wife: O you mean thing! I wanted to go out to-day, and that's a sure sign of rain.

"Do you believe in love in a cottage?" he asked fondly. "I am willing to," she replied, in a business tone, "without putting the experiment to a test."

"Your hair is always so handsomely dressed, fraulein. You must devote a great deal of attention to it." "Yes, I must confess my head is my chief weakness."

Princess Maud of Wales, whom we now know as Princess Charles of Denmark, has just written a comedietta which has been accepted by Sir Henry Irving for the Lyceum.

A certain amount of military instinct in children seems universal, for a New York toy firm dispatches every year several hundred thousand tin swords to all parts of the world.

Miss Elder, speaking of her favorite bird: Really, a more intelligent canary never was. It is almost human. Uncle Harry: Yes; I've noticed it always sets up a chatter as soon as anybody begins to sing or to play on the piano.

It is reported that at the time of Victoria's marriage it was suggested that the word "obey" might be left out of her response. The Queen instantly checked this piece of snobbery, and declared that she would be married "like any other woman."

Mme. Diaz, the wife of the Mexican President, is a woman of progressive ideas. She has founded a home where girls can always find employment, a nursery where working women's children are cared for, and a Magdalen home for repentant sinners.

Berlin lately possessed a ten-year-old boy with a high sense of his own dignity. At his older sister's birthday party he received a piece of birthday cake a little smaller than hers, whereupon he went to the next room and hanged himself by a string to the door latch.

The Queen's coronation ring is never out of her sight and is worn by her every evening. It is a band of gold containing a cross in rubies, surmounted by white brilliants. A coronation ring is supposed to symbolize the wedding of the sovereign wit the nation.

Princess Theresa of Bavaria, a maiden lady of mature years, and as eccentric in her appearance as in her behavior, has explored all South America, as well as unknown parts of Siberia, her services to the cause of geography having won for her honorary membership of most of the geographical societies of Europe.

No more elegant compliment was ever paid to a preacher than that of King Louis XIV. of France, to Jean Baptiste Massillon, Bishop of Clermont. Said he: "I have heard many great preachers, and the effect they produced on me was that I felt thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I heard you I have been dissatisfied with myself."

Her Majesty and Prince Albert were on a trip in the north of England and a gentleman in hearty fashion expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing the consort and "his wife." The Prince was greatly delighted with the homely reference, and expressed pleasure that his beloved partner should be spoken of by an appellation which was the highest honor that could be bestowed upon any woman.

State etiquette in Paris has emerged from an awkward dilemma. When ladies are congratulated by the president of the republic it is the rule for him to confer a paternal salute. President Faure has fulfilled this obligation in the case of sisters of charity, but when it came to be the turn of an actress the situation was delicate. Mdlle. Marsy of the Comedie Francaise owned the winner of the Auteuil steeplechase and the president was called upon to express the usual rapture. He appears to have deputed somebody to perform the ceremony, though why the head of the republic should concern himself with steeplechases is one of the mysteries of French tradition.

A famous physiognomist declares that the modern woman is rapidly developing a nose which is distinctive. He says that the nose of the modern woman shows "enterprise, earnestness, curiosity, indefatigable perseverance, and an ability to decide a question promptly and finally." Further he says that women may now be divided into two classes—the business woman and the society woman—and that the close observer can make the division by the nose alone. Callings peculiar to women result in characteristic noses, the typewriter, for instance, generally possessing a nose that is slightly pointed at the end, with a tendency to turn upwards. This, the physiognomist hastens to add, must not be confounded with the retroussé nose, as the two are entirely different.

Masculinities.

More than four-fifths of the people of London never enter a place of worship.

Advice is a good thing in its place, but it isn't everyone who can hit the place.

Green: Are you going to speak to her father? Brown: I am not. I'm afraid he's going to speak to me.

The Viceroy of India has the highest salaried office under the British Government. He receives $130,000 a year for his services.

This odd wish is commonly expressed at Japanese festivals: "May you live to such an age that your back is as bent as a lobster's!"

The oddest nemonic curiosity is, that a woman who never knows her own age knows to half an hour that of all her female friends.

Governor Pingree of Michigan, when on a recent visit to Lansing, could not buy a white vest in town large enough to circle his ample waist.

There are in Russia 12,174 private and about 10,000 military physicians, making on the average one physician to every 4,000 of the population.

Mother, catching her son at the jam: Oh, Johnnie, what are you doing? Didn't you pray last night to be made a saint? Johnnie: Yes; but not till after I was dead.

Harry: What girl was that you had in tow last evening? Willy, indignantly: What you are pleased to call "tow" is usually spoken of by people of culture as "blond tresses."

"Imaginashun tew mutche indulged in," says Josh Billings, "soon is tortured into reality. This is one way good hoss-thieves are made a man leans over a fence all day and imagines the hoss belongs tew him, and, sure enuff, the first dark night the hoss does."

The citizens of Pittsburg are to erect a monument to Stephen Collins Foster, the composer of "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," "Old Black Joe" and "My Old Kentucky Home." He was a native of Pittsburg, and he is buried in the Allegheny Cemetery, of that city.

A curious custom prevails in Bulgaria. All newly married women are obliged to remain dumb for a month after marriage, except when addressed by their husbands. When it is desirable to remove this restriction permanently the husband presents her with a gift; and then she can chatter to her heart's content.

A little boy whose father never uses a razor was much amazed and interested on the morning after his arrival at his uncle's house to see that gentleman shaving. "Why, uncle Fred," he exclaimed, after watching the operation for a few moments, "I can't think what makes you wash your face with that little broom and wipe it off with a knife! Papa doesn't."

Cashiers of banks and corporations who handle large sums of money daily are to be protected, it is said, by means of a newly patented window, which consists of a steel plate hung over the window on pulleys, with the ropes reaching down to the floor, where they connect with a lever which can be sprung by the foot to drop the window instantly whenever there is danger, without the action being seen by an outsider.

George M. Edgerton, of Mechanicsville, Vt., went to Rutland on Monday with a frog in his throat in the shape of a silver dollar which he had swallowed the day before at his home. Mr. Edgerton went to a doctor's office, where the doctor applied the X ray to his throat. The dollar was located in the upper part of the chest. An instrument was then passed down his throat and the coin pulled out.

A gentleman had left his corner seat in an already crowded railway car to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his seat. On returning he found that, in spite of the rug and the protests of his fellow-passengers, the seat had been usurped by one in lady's garments. To his protestations her lofty reply was: "Do you know, sir, that I am one of the Director's wives?" "Madam," he replied, "were you the Director's only wife, I should still protest."

A man had been up for an examination in Scripture, had failed utterly, and the relations between him and the examiner had become somewhat strained. The latter asked him if there were any text in the Bible he could quote. He pondered, and then repeated: "And Judas went out and hanged himself." "Is there any other verse you know in the Bible?" the examiner asked. "Yes," was the reply, and he did know so. There was a solemn pause, and the proceedings terminated.

Among the maxims of the late Barney Barnato were the following: "Never let a man put his hand on your shoulder during a deal, and always have the first lie." "You have no right to spoil another man's game as long as he plays it cleverly, be sure to spoil it yourself soon enough when he ceases to be clever at it." "Never play the game above the people's heads, but as they think they understand it; you have a little hand every time there, and, whatever you do with a good curtain, and bring it down before the public gets tired or has had time to find you out."

Latest Fashion Phases.

Shirt waists are made of cambrics, dimities and ginghams having a much more mixed design than was popular last year. Several colors are often combined, and the effect has not the freshness and cleanness of the stripes and other open patterns favored last year.

The newest sleeves are quite close, except at the top, where a sudden bouffancy is evident. They have a turn back cuff at the wrist. Silk shirt waists are among the novelties of the season, and are worn with linen collars and men's ties, just like the cotton ones.

As long as shirt waists are worn belts will, of course, likewise be worn. This year they are comparatively narrow, of leather or kid of various tints, of taffeta, velvet, satin, silk or spangles.

Many more elaborate bodices are made to be worn with a belt, and in that case the latter is jeweled or covered with lace. It may be closed by a buckle, clasp or bow of ribbon.

Sometimes it fastens at the back with long ends like a child's sash. This style is very pretty for plaited gowns of taffeta or muslin.

Although fluffy, much adorned costumes are the taste of the moment, a contrast is afforded by the class of tailor made gowns which are perfectly cut, but very simple and plain. Of covert cloth, serge or light cloth, they are eminently fashionable looking and yet serviceable.

A very smart blouse is made of ecru lawn and garnished throughout with clusters of wide tucks, alternating with clusters of very small tucks, and opens in front to display a flat vest of white embroidery.

The fitted sleeve is entirely composed of the tiny tucks and adorned at the top with a cape-like epaulette, bordered with three wide tucks, which have the appearance of being continued across the back and front of the bodice. The belt is of white leather, and the draped collar of lawn is headed by a white embroidery frill.

The hat is of ecru straw, trimmed with a garland of bright colored nasturtiums. White Swiss, dotted with blue, is the material selected for creating a pretty blouse. The front is enriched with three series of narrow perpendicular tucks, alternating with bands of the Swiss, and bordered at either side with two narrow Swiss ruffles.

The collar is of white taffeta ribbon, with a bow of the same at the back and a heading of fine white lawn. The belt is of white silk. The leg o'mutton sleeve is finished with a straight turned- back cuff.

The sailor hat is trimmed with a scarf of white tulle, which is twisted round the crown and rises in high loops at the left side.

Every sort of bodice is worn this season; yet the round waist rather has the lead. You can have a two inch basque effect below the belt or a bolero bodice ending two inches above, and wide or narrow belts as they best suit the figure. In addition to the variety of round bodices there are basques three and six inches deep extending all around or just across the back and sides.

Fancy little bolero jackets are made of ecru linen, with a sailor collar across the back, and elaborately embroidered with gold thread.

Irish lace is very popular for yokes and epaulette effects on foulard gowns, and is used in edging and insertion as well.

Serpent skin is a new trimming for tailor-made gowns, and it is employed for entire revers and tiny bands on the cloth revers.

Pretty parasols are made of silk patterned with peacock feathers.

Gauze made of vegetable silk is one of the season's specialties employed largely in millinery.

Belts of plaid silk fastened with metal buckles are popular with English women, and belts of every sort are a particular facture of dress. Leather of various tints forms a background for all sorts of metal work and fancy jeweled designs. A green one dotted over with turquoise is especially good style.

Ruffs of chiffon lace and ribbon are very fashionable in Paris, and they are made high at the back, with long ends in front and a deep flounce of chiffon around the shoulders.

White gowns in any sort of material is quite as much worn as ever despite the cries for red, violet, and blue. Liberty gauze makes the dantiest sort of a gown to wear summer evenings at fashionable summer resorts.

The variety in thin white wool goods is exceedingly pretty, and there is a great diversity in the weaves; but the open mesh in basket checks is perhaps the most fashionable according to the season's standard.

One novelty has a fine cord like poplin, but is woven in such a way that it is partially transparent. Cream white serge is still on the list, and it is made up in the coat and skirt style of costume, trimmed elaborately with either white or colored braid.

The coats are in the Eton or blazer style, with a basque six inches deep, or in the form of a bolero. White duck and pique are made up in the same manner, and the more elaborate gowns are trimmed with rows of white embroidered insertions on the skirt and around the jacket.

Others are trimmed with braid, and just as many are quite plain, with a pretty colored shirt waist of silk or lawn.

The new piques with colored patterns make pretty dresses, and in pale pink, yellow, and blue, with satin stripes and dots, the colored piques are very desirable.

The range of cotton materials is a large one this season, and there are pretty fine crepons and an assortment of canvas weaves in a variety of colors which make very stylish dresses, with all the appearance of being silk, the material is so glossy.

Then there are crepe cloth in Japanese designs and a silk and cotton mixed material which is used for tennis dresses. Certainly there need be no scarcity of pretty gowns this season, for there are materials suited to every purse.

Checked taffeta seems to be a favorite fabric in Paris, and many pretty dresses are made of these checks in various colors. One in pale gray and pink is quite plain, with a plaited bolero front opening over a vest of pink gauze trimmed with yellow lace.

One model shown was carried on in red and white check, with the new handkerchief drapery at the back of the skirt. The bodice has a wide corselet belt of black satin, and some folds of black chiffon are arranged over the shoulders falling in lace trimmed ends in front.

The vest is of white satin embroidered with colored beads and plaited revers are formed of the silk with the selvage at the edge.

So much depends on the details of trimming and combinations of color in our gowns that a few hints may be of use to those who are at a loss to know how to give gowns the much desired touch which stamps them stylish.

One pretty tan canvas gown lined with deep yellow has a lavender moire silk collar and one deep revers edged around with applique lace. Another gown of navy blue canvas has pale blue velvet revers and a vest of beige Moire.

A violet cashmere dress is made very striking with a yoke of finely tucked white batiste, a bolero of violet taffeta covered with ecru embroidery and a belt of cerise velvet.

Blue and white foulard silk is made up with two vandyke flounces around the skirt, edged with narrow ecru embroidery and a white mouseline de soie bodice under a bolero of the silk, trimmed with two lace-edged frills of silk, the under one being green.

A novel dress trimming seen on some of the light-colored cloth gowns is the application of black Chantilly lace flowers.

An example of this is a dull rose cloth with lace figures down either side of the front, and a pink and white shot silk bodice made in bands joined together with open feather stitching of silk, and oblong pieces of the cloth trimmed with the lace arranged over the shoulders.

The use of color is a very important consideration in the world of fashion, and one very stylish but striking contrast is the use of dark blue and mandarin yellow. Wherever white satin can be combined with this yellow the effect is greatly improved.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Washing Lace Curtains.—There are many ways of doing this work; those which are bleached by the use of many of the bleaching powders make lace beautifully clear and white, but usually injure the fabric, and when possible it is much safer to have them done up at home.

The prevailing impression has been that there was some peculiar mystery in bleaching lace of any kind; that the process was tedious and very intricate, and if not done by a professional cleaner the lace was in imminent danger of destruction.

It is not so at all. Once understood, the work is as simple as any washing. Shake all the dust out of the lace curtains when taken down, but be gentle about it to avoid tearing. The shaking will remove the greater part of the dust direct.

Then spread them across two lines near together in the clothes yard, and brush them softly with a clean feather duster. When all has been brushed off, put them, one at a time, into a tub half full of milk-warm water and add two tablespoonfuls of liquid ammonia.

Let it remain ten or fifteen minutes, turning it over carefully every minute or two, and squeezing with the hands. This through the ammonia will loosen all the dirt, after which squeeze out gently but as dry as can be done without breaking the meshes. Have ready another tub of tepid water with some more ammonia, and put the curtain into that immediately.

Let is soak while the next curtain is taken through the some process as the first, and so on until all the curtains have been taken through at least three waters, or till the water looks clear, squeezing and washing the curtains with the hands as the work goes on. Ammonia in the two first waters is sufficient, and is not very gray and smaky, it will only be needed in the first.

After taking the curtains through the three waters many starch and blue them, and, without any soap or scalding, prepare to stretch them and pin a shape.

But we prefer to put them into a bag, or coarse pillow-case, and scald in clean soapsuds (not very strong) for a few minutes.

The suds should be made of very pure soap, and the water, when they are first put in only tepid; then just bring to a boiling heat. While the curtains are scalding prepare two tubs of clean water—one to rinse the curtains when they are taken from the boiler, and the other for the last rinsing.

This should be blued; and the starch requires to be blued quite deeply, as, when hung up against the light, lace does not appear blue. The blued water and starch should be strained, that no mote of bluing may escape to settle on the curtains.

Take the curtains from the boiler when slightly scalded, rinse thoroughly, but with a gentle hand, till all the suds are out, then wring or squeeze out, and put through the bluing water, wring out from that, and prepare to stretch, and pin out smoothly to the original length and width.

This must be done when just taken from the water, as lace cannot be stretched when dry. The whole process of washing, scalding, rinsing and stretching should be done as expeditiously as consistent with thorough work, for no other cotton material shrinks so easily.

Many pin a clean sheet on to a carpet, in an unoccupied airy room, and pin the curtains on to the sheet. Every point and scallop should be pulled out and pinned on to the sheet evenly.

But this is a very hard way for any one who finds stooping and bending over painful; and we don't think the lace looks as clear, because when pinned on to a carpet there can be no free circulation of air from underneath.

It is easier, and in every way better, to keep on hand four strips of thin boards, about three inches wide, made very similar to quilting frames, with holes at suitable distances, to increase or diminish the length and breadth to suit the size of the curtains, and strong wooden pins put through the holes to fasten the frames strongly together.

Tack, closely, strips of cloth, selvedge out, or wide tape, the whole length of the bars. Then place them on chairs so that they will stand firm and steady—outdoors, on a still, bright, sunny day—and pin or baste the curtains to the tape, pulling out and fastening every point in the lace.

Before wetting the curtains do not forget to measure them in length and breadth, and mark the measure on the frame they are to be dried on. When washed they must be fastened at both ends first, and then stretched to match this measure.

It takes but a little time to dry curtains thus stretched in the sun, and if well rinsed, free from soap, several curtains may be stretched out at the same time.

This is a great saving of time; but we always fear the lace will not look as clear as if dried separately. But we have never tried that way. We, however, hear it approved by those who have.

Instead of nailing tape or strips of cloth to the "frame," small sized galvanized tenter hooks are often drived into the frame on all four sides, and the lace or muslin curtains are caught on to these hooks and thus stretched out to dry.

We do not like this so long as basting the curtains to the tape. We fancy the lace will be more injured on the hooks than it could be if sewed on. Lace should never be ironed.

It costs but very little to make these bars, and they will last a life-time if carefully put away when not in use; and the curtains can be made to look quite as well as if done up in a French laundry, and will last much longer. It costs every year twice the expense of this frame to hire curtains done up.

How to Cook a Ham.—Scrape and wash the ham in two waters. Put it in a kettle and pour over cold water, barely enough to cover. Add one pint of vinegar. As soon as it comes to a boil remove the scum, add a pinch of red pepper and ten or fifteen cloves. Boil slowly till tender; remove the skin, cover with the white of an egg and rub it over with rolled cracker. Put it in the oven and give it a nice brown.

The ragged parts, with odds and ends, after the ham has been nearly used up, can be chopped very fine, mixed with a dressing composed of one dessertspoonful of mustard, two of melted butter, the yolk of a hard boiled egg, rubbed fine, a little salt and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mixed all together and spread on bread cut thin it makes a nice sandwich.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

A PAIN REMEDY.

For nearly fifty years this wonderful remedy has proved itself the best, safest and surest antidote for pain in the world.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

In using medicines to stop pain, we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Ether, Cocaine and Chloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, when the patient loses the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it masks the symptoms, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least difficulty in either infant or adult.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES

No matter how violent or excruciating the pains the Rheumatic, Bed-Ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

A CURE FOR

SUMMER COMPLAINTS,

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

No bad after effects (which are invariably the sequel of dosing with opium, etc.) will follow the use of Radway's Ready Relief, but the bowels will be left in a healthy normal condition.

A half to a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatuency and all Internal Pains.

MALARIA,

CHILLS AND FEVER, FEVER AND AGUE CONQUERED.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with this terrible foe to settlers in newly settled districts, where the Malaria or Ague exists, but if people exposed to it will, every morning on getting out of bed, take twenty or thirty drops of the Ready Relief in a glass of water, and eat, say, a cracker, they will escape attacks. This must be done before going out.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarial, bilious and other fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Be Sure to Get "Radway's."

Rosalind and Karim.

BY J. S. W.

THE circus, a mere temporary building, resounded with the plaudits of an approving and excited audience. It was the scene of a somewhat celebrated troupe of artists, human and equine, and the audience was drawn from the inhabitants of a little provincial French town, who were coldly critical of the entertainment put before them.

Prices did not run high and expenses did; the time was winter, the weather severe, trade was bad, and the takings miserable.

It may be news to you, my reader, but a crowded audience is always much more easy to please than a scant one; the stalls are easier to win than the gallery. The stalls in this instance were ricketty and exceedingly uncomfortable iron chairs; the gallery consisted of rows of planks as far as possible away from the ring.

The best-filled portion of the circus was that which ranked between the gallery and the stalls. Here there was a fair sprinkling of respectable-looking solid townspeople, who, if anything, were more cold and more critical than the gods up behind them.

The programme was the usual sort of thing that one sees in a French circus. Some very clever juggling on the part of an exceedingly brawny gentleman and an exceedingly matronly lady; some clever feeding; some more clever horsemanship; and all the other items which have raised laughter from time immemorial. But the audience was terribly dull, terribly cold.

The clowns fooled amid chilly silence; the scantily-dressed ladies who careered madly round on wildly-ambling horses, all did their turns to the same dead-level of tacit disapproval.

Then a really fine horse was trotted out into the middle of the ring, and there was a moment of unmistakable expectation as a fair-haired girl bounded out and kissed her hands to all around.

She was a dainty, little figure, slight of build without being thin; her slender, yet rounded limbs, shown to perfection by the black silk tights she wore, her skirts voluminous and full as the skirts of a ballet dancer, her neck and arms showing white against the black transparent frills of her corsage.

A round of applause greeted her; in America it would have been a cheer; being in France it was something much less pronounced.

She paid no heed to her audience, her whole attention being concentrated upon the animal impatiently pawing the sawdust at his feet. She turned from her general salutation and tripped to the horse's head.

"Karim, you have to do something for your mistress to-night. Karim," she went on in a nervous whisper, "Karim, we are playing for everything to-night—to make or lose our all. Karim, Karim, carry your mistress safely through; land her on that pinnacle of happiness where she would be!"

She spoke in English, and one might have thought that the horse understood her every word, for he looked down upon her with his soft gentle eyes, rubbing his nose against her white bosom and pushing her playfully, as it reproaching her that she was not trusting him sufficiently.

Those assembled in the shabby circus never forgot the little scene as she stood there for the brief space of a moment making much of her steed.

"Who is she? What is she?" said an English lady who happened to be present, to her neighbor.

"I don't know," said the neighbor, looking at her programme. "Somebody told me that she is English, and that she is a marvel. The horse is her own—she never takes an engagement without her own horse, and she never rides any other. Edward told me last night that she was wonderful. Yes, here it is; her name is Rosalind Norman."

"Oh, a fancy name, of course," said the first speaker. "It is probably, if we knew it, Stubbs or something of that kind."

"Ah, she is up," said the other.

As the words left her lips the English equestrienne, Rosalind Norman, had put her foot into the hand of the groom and was already in the saddle.

She rode as she had never ridden in her life before; she seemed like a creature possessed. Everything that a woman on horseback could do, Rosalind Norman did.

She jumped over scarves, she sprang through hoops, she rode without laying so much as a hand upon the animal, and by her grace, beauty, and daring she dazzled and enchanted all who beheld her.

Again and again did the echoing wooden roof resound and resound to the thunders of applause which greeted her as her performance came to an end. Round and round she went, bowing and kissing her hand, and in her eyes there was a glad triumphant light, which added tenfold to her beauty.

"Karim, old fellow, you have saved me this night," she whispered. "We must take yet another turn."

She glanced eagerly in as she passed the place of exit. Yes, a tall figure was standing there evidently watching her. She rode back to the starting point again, and gave the signal for the music to strike up.

Again and again did the applause break forth, again and again the equestrienne made the round of the ring, waving her hands in token of thanks for the manifest approval which greeted her. Then just as she reached the place set apart for the iron chairs, she gave such a start that she nearly fell from Karim's back.

"Steady, old fellow," she said, catching at his mane, "you nearly had me off that time!"

But it was not Karim who had risked her balance, not at all. It was a face in the stalls—a face she had not seen for several years, the face of one who had once been near and dear to her.

By a great effort she pulled herself together and rode out of the ring; then, when Karim stopped, as if by instinct, beside the tall figure of the man who had been watching her, she let herself slip from the saddle into his arms.

"You did well, to-night, little one," he said, in pleasant caressing accents, which were not as most of those to be heard behind the scenes in that humble circus.

"You think I did well?" she said, eagerly.

"Yes, very well."

She stopped a moment, and caught eagerly at his arm. They were practically alone; others were passing to and fro, but none took notice of them.

"Come this way, I would speak to you a moment. Caryl, are you really going to-night?"

"I am really going, little one."

"You are—you are really going?"

"Yes."

"And you mean to leave me?"

"I cannot take you."

"You, who brought me in this life—you, who took me out of my own sphere," she began, "who brought me down——"

"Nay, should you not rather say who helped you up?"

"Helped me up—Caryl! Helped me up—to be a bright particular star in a provincial circus! Do you really mean that?

"Do you think that it is any credit or gratification to me when these provincial louts applaud me—when I have to go round, kissing my hand to them, making believe that I am gratified? Oh, Caryl, do you really mean it?"

"I don't want to leave you," he said, unwillingly, and he tugged at his dark moustache in a way which showed that he was genuinely in earnest.

"I don't want to leave you, little one, but the truth may as well be spoken now as at any other time. I have got to go back to my own people. There are those who have a claim upon me. Don't you understand?"

She fixed her velvet eyes upon him with a horrified gaze.

"You—you—you mean that you will never see me again."

"I'm afraid not."

"You mean that there is someone who has a real claim upon you—you mean that you have—a wife?"

"Well, yes, I mean just that."

"Are you going back to her?"

"Yes, I must."

"You wish to go back to her?"

"I——." He tried to say no, but the lie froze upon his lips, and the girl divined the truth.

"Caryl," she said, "do you know who is here to-night? Go to the corner, look across to the stalls; do you see two Englishmen there—a dark man and a fair man? Don't you see the likeness between the fair man and me? Don't you realize—don't you know—that your life is not worth a centime if once my brother gets hold of you?

"They have traced me; they knew me in a moment. They would have known Karim if I had been dyed like a Red Indian or a negress. There is no disguising a horse of his quality. I don't mean them to find me. Go and tell Jean to put me a side-saddle on Karim and bring him round to the side entrance. Don't hesitate—I must get out of this. It is the last favor I shall ever ask of you."

She turned and hurried away towards her dressing-room, and before the man who had deceived her was back from obeying her command she was there waiting, with a long black coat over her circus dress.

"Good-bye," she said. "No; I don't care that you should kiss me. We won't talk about the past. Keep yourself out of Bernard's way. If you were going to-night—go! I go my own way. Good-bye. Stay! Help me up."

If he had ever loved her, he loved her at that moment, yet he never tried to question her, yet he never attempted to hold her back; on the contrary, he held his hand so as to mount her, and as she rode away into the darkness, the pressure of her hand upon his hand was all that remained of what had been—at least, to one of them—an idyll.

The night was stingingly, blisteringly cold; but the girl in her black coat and silken garments rode steadily on, seeming to feel nothing.

On over the clattering stones, through the empty echoing streets, till the lights of the town were far behind; on over the dark country roads, with the sound of the sea going swish, swish, swish in her ears, and re-echoing again and yet again in her distracted brain.

She never swerved from her purpose, but as she reached the crest of the hill where the road skirted the cliff and the roll of the waves upon the pebbled sand changed to a sullen, angry roar as it beat upon the larger rocks, she bent down over the horse's neck and talked to him as if he were a human being—as if he were her only remaining friend.

"Karim, old fellow," she said, "you carried me well to night, as you carried me three years ago to my destruction. What was I then, Karim? A lady—a lady—a lady of high degree.

"Now, what am I now? We won't talk about it, Karim; we will think about what I shall be to-morrow. You carried me last year, Karim, to my destruction; you shall finish the work to-night.

"We will go together, boy; I wont leave you behind to those who would not understand you as I do. Now old boy——" and she dug him with her silken heel, "now, Karim; set your teeth. Good-bye! Good-bye; Over we go! A—h—h——."

* * * * *

They called it a tragedy in the local newsheet the following day. And so it was. A poor little heart-broken tragedy that has been told and acted many times before, and will be told and acted many times again.

They buried her as Rosalind Norman, and Karim they buried where he lay under the sand by the rocks.

The two Englishmen who had attended the circus waited for the funeral, but who the English girl was who had been called "A Fairy on Horseback," none ever knew of all the crowd who saw her take her farewell, save the brother who kept her identity secret, and two others—the man who had loved her heart and soul, and the man whom she had loved to her destruction.

HAIR IS A HEALTH BAROMETER. "Not very well this morning, sir?" queried the barber, as he cut the writer's hair,

"Much the same as usual."

"Tired then?" he suggested. "Up late last night, perhaps?"

"I certainly was up later than usual, but how did you guess it?"

"Your hair told me so," he said. "There is a bit here at the back that sticks across the rest at right-angles, and refuses to lie in its place. That means something unusual in your bodily condition.

"I have a dozen regular customers whose state of health I can gauge as soon as they are seated in my chair and I get a look at their heads. They are gentlemen with fine, sensitive hair, which reflects their bodily condition at once.

"The effect is not the same on all of them by any means. One gentleman has a small tuft just above his right ear which persists in sticking straight out from his head when he is not quite well, and a very peculiar look it gives him.

"Another, who is proud of his curls, and keeps them rather longer than the average man, finds himself, when his liver is out of order, or he has a slight bilious attack, a queer-looking object, with a head of straight, dank, 'rats' tail'; while a third, whose hair ordinarily curls very slightly, knows he is a little run down when he finds his head covered with crisp frizzy little ringlets.

"A fourth customer of mine, who prides himself on the upward, military curve of his moustache, is disgusted when a little out of sorts, because, though the right side remains as usual, the left side persists in hanging straight down towards his chin.

"There are a dozen other ways in which the hair indicates the state of health, though it is only close observers who ever notice them."

THIS CURES STAMMERING.—Busy editors are often worried by persons suffering from an impediment in speech as to means of curing the affliction. Perhaps the following statement of a pepular actor may be of service to the sufferers.

"When I decided to adopt the stage as a profession, I was afflicted with a particularly painful stammer, and all my friends laughed at me and said I should never be able to get through the short part without making a fool of myself. But I was not to be daunted, and looked round for some means of curing myself.

"Someone advised me to insert a champagne-cork between my front teeth and hold it there whilst studying my part aloud, thus keeping my mouth well open and averting, to a great extent, that painful paralysis which seems to seize the stutterer's tongue, jaw, and lips as soon as he attempts to speak.

"I followed this advice, and gradually found the experiment succeeding. By repeating anything I was learning time after time, with the cork between my teeth, I could at length dispense with any help and pronounce every word fluently without a stumble.

"Presently I discovered that not only were my studied speeches affected, but ordinary conversation became much more easy, and it was then I determined to devote three or four hours every day to reading aloud and speaking with the cork between my lips.

"The result is that my impediment has entirely disappeared, and I can now speak as well as any one. I have, however, not entirely abandoned my cork, but still study my parts by its aid, walking about the house and reciting aloud. I find that this method ensures greather clearness and distinctness of utterance than any other I know."

THE BICYCLE AGE.

Something About the Great Wheel Industry.

Colonel Albert A. Pope, President of the Pope Manufacturing Company, was spoken to recently relative to the reduction in the price of Columbia bicycles. He was interviewed as follows:

Colonel, why have you reduced the price of Columbia bicycles?

Because with our present facilities we can make more bicycles than we can sell at $100 each, and I feel a personal responsibility in seeing that our large force of workmen is kept constantly employed.

Colonel, I have noticed several tabulations which profess to give the cost of making a high grade bicycle, and the total foots up to about $30. Is this correct?

If this is correct, why should so many bicycle manufacturers fail when the prices were very much higher than they are now, and when they netted a great deal more than $30 for wheels not of the highest grade? There are many things to consider besides the actual first cost of materials.

Colonel, I have seen a number of rumors in the papers to the effect that the Pope Manufacturing Company is about to bring out a chainless bicycle.

We have been working on a chainless bicycle for several years and made a good many models. We expect to make it our leading machine for 1896.

In some of the papers I see that the price of the chainless is likely to be $200.

You may be sure we won't sell a chainless bicycle for $200! If any one pays $150 for a Columbia chainless bicycle in 1896, he will get full value for his money.

Will the chainless cost more to make than a chain-driven wheel?

Yes, a great deal more than any other bicycle, and it can only be made a success by the very finest and best workmanship.

Colonel, will the present range of prices be the standard for 1896?

It is early to talk about that now.

USEFUL OCCUPATION.—It is a good plan to resolve to do something useful every day, without regard to pecuniary recompense.

Many assert that their time drags heavily along from day to day, and that they almost become weary of existence. This is their own fault. If they had some good object in view, some occupation which engrossed their thoughts to the exclusion of everything else, they would not talk as they do. On the contrary, they would feel infinitely better for having something on their minds worthy of a cultivated intellect.

THERE are but two ways of paying debt—increase of industry in raising income, or increase of thrift in spending.

Humorous.

UNABLE TO CONGRATULATE.

"Why Lynx upon his marriage did you not congratulate?"

"How could I when I didn't know his wife?"

"Then why not congratulate upon her chosen mate?"

"How could I, when I knew Lynx all my life?"

Hard to beat—A wet carpet.

Weather report—A thunder clap.

Bright on the subject—A flaxen-haired girl.

Seashore suits should be made of bathos.

The consumption of oil is said to be light.

The greatest cataract is but a drop of water.

Lying out of it—The baby that rolled out of bed.

It takes a successful artist to draw large checks.

When does a ship share the same fate as coal?—When she is scuttled.

That time is money is proven by the fact that the man who steals money serves time.

Why should a thirsty man always carry a watch?—Because there's a spring in the side it.

Why is a selfish man like the letter o?—Because he is the first to pity and the last to help.

The man who was arrested for stealing a mirror reluctantly admitted that he had a glass too much.

Why should a clever poet make an excellent gas company's inspector?—Because he is a good judge of metres.

Teacher: Johnny, what is a "maxim?" Johnny: It's something that tells how good it is to do what you don't want to.

Sequel to a burglary as reported in an Irish newspaper: "After a fruitless search, all the money was recovered except one pair of boots.

Tourist, in the mountains: Shall I be safer here on foot or on your mule?

Guide: On my mule, of course, for I shall be careful that nothing happens to it.

Alkali Ike: Those two horse thieves were great friends.

Lasso Luke: Yes, they hung together to the last.

"Why, Frankie, what are you reading in that book about bringing up children?"

"I'm just looking to see whether I'm being properly brought up.

"I wish I was twins," said Willie.

"Why?"

"I'd send the other half of me to school, and this bad would go fishing."

Bobbs: Of two evils, always choose the least.

Stubbs: But it's pretty hard sometimes to tell which is the least.

Bobbs: Nonsense! It's always the one that is less likely to be found out.

Mistress: Bridget, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now how can we prevent it occurring again?

Bridget: I don't know, mum; unless yez raises me wages.

Mary and John were sitting together. "I'll cover your buttercups, or I will put my hands over my ears," cried Mary.

"Ah, your lovely hands are too small," replied John, wishing to be complimentary.

A certain politician, condemning the government for its policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said lately: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry.

Some one within earshot of an Irishman happened to say that Shakespere died on the day of his birth.

"By the mother of Ireland," said he, "Shakspere was the man for a good day's work, thin! A janius that could turn out Hamlet and all the rest of it, complaytes, in an ephemeral twenty-four hours deserved to live afterward at his aise for iver and iver!"

"That is the prettiest little foot in all the world," said Baby Ruth's father one morning, as he stooped to caress a tiny pink-and-white foot thrust out from a little white night-gown.

"There isn't in all the world another such a pretty little foot as that!"

"Oh, yes there is, papa!" was the little girl's reply, and throwing out the other foot, she added, "Here it is, papa!"

H: Want to consult your broker? There's no dependence to be placed upon the advice of a broker.

W: Not with some brokers, perhaps; but I have every confidence in Podsnap. I've consulted him a hundred times, and I never regretted it.

H: And you always follow his advice?

W: On the contrary, when he says "Buy," I sell, and when he says "Sell," I buy.

METHODICAL THOUGH MAD.

The "museum" of a certain Asylum for criminal lunatics contains some curious examples of the skill and fiendishness of the unfortunate individuals detained there.

Ordinarily, visitors cannot get a sight of this collection—a private one, but containing all sorts of queer contrivances devised by desperate prisoners to inflict injury either on themselves or on others.

The most formidable weapon of offence here shown is one that was discovered secreted in the cell of a wife-murderer, a saddler by trade.

He had collected some buttons, and through the holes in them had inserted some tin tacks that he must have picked up. These buttons had been fastened tightly to a stone, from which the points of the nails radiated in all directions.

A blow from this terrible instrument (which was swung by a rope made of unravelled threads, stolen one at a time from the prisoner's stockings) would certainly have one day killed some unfortunate warder or other official.

Of course, no ordinary knives are permitted in the prison. The kind used has an edge as thick as the back of a razor, but with about an inch of the centre of the blade hollowed out and sharpened sufficiently to be serviceable.

Ingenious prisoners, with, "method in their madness," have overcome even this difficulty.

One has laboriously rubbed an old mutton-bone on the prison floor till it has acquired a sharp edge, and it used for a nefarious purpose could do a considerable degree of damage.

A clever weapon, too, for a madman to have made, is a piece of worn-out iron hooping that has been so skilfully treated by knocking that it has an edge like a fret-saw, and is almost capable of being used in a similar manner.

If it had been tougher, it could have been utilized to cut through the hard steel bars of the cell window. But, of course, so soft an instrument is quite unfit for the purpose, and only a lunatic could have thought otherwise.

A small piece of string about a foot long and a tiny twig (still carefully preserved) would seem to be but very small things to cause death, but a desperate prisoner once contrived to commit suicide with them.

He had fastened the piece of string round his neck and managed to tighten it to strangulation point by twisting its ends by means of the twig, used cork-screw-like. His plan was not discovered till too late to restore life.

There is here also the piece of a broomstick, two inches across, which an insane prisoner once tried to force down his throat. The warder happened to peep in just in time, and was certain that its whole length (twenty-one inches) was well inside the man's gullet. Strange to say, the terrible injuries inflicted were not fatal.

In fact, the prison doctors say that the ordinary rules of fatality seem to be inoperative there; and that injuries which will kill an ordinary man have sometimes but little effect on a lunatic.

JUGGLING WITH AN OFFERTORY PLATE. Few people grudge the silver piece that is placed on the offertory plate on Sunday mornings; but according to an old verger who has had years of collecting, there is some little juggling connected with the offering.

A certain manufacturer, whose mills are of the finest description, places a dime on the salver when really confronted; but whenever the chance presents itself he disregards the collection and slips away with miser-like craftiness.

Nor is this all; he has been more than suspected of doing tricks of the slight-of-hand description to retain the silver piece he intended to bestow.

A dime with a hole through it was discovered on the plate one morning, a tiny length of white elastic cord being fastened to it. Some explanation seemed to be required, when the collector immediately recognized the man of cloth as the owner of the pierced coin; his declaration being sufficiently lucid to be at once accredited.

The niggardly giver had the silver piece fastened to the lining of his sleeve by means of the elastic, a gleam of the coin being allowed the collector, when, the finger and thumb releasing it, up the sleeve it would rebound.

On the occasion above recorded, the elastic failed, and the dime fell among its more honest associates.

A fashionable church in a select provincial city owns one or two discreditable members, several bogus five-dollar pieces having been found in the plate during a recent series of special services.

Evidently these had been used for show purposes, for investigation decided them to be quarters in borrowed colors—gold leaf being carefully laid over the surface and rims with deceptive result—although the collections were in aid of a blind institution much in need of assistance.

One of the meanest tricks is yet to record. A fashionably-dressed stranger placed a crackling piece of paper on the plate at a small seaside church, the benevolent donor having the satisfaction of knowing that she was much noticed in consequence.

In this case the cheerful giver had mere utilized an advertisement note—one of the sort common a few years ago—but she received the temporary credit of generosity all the same.

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.—Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was put to death by the sword at the city of Ethiopia.

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, until he expired.

Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome and escaped death. He afterward died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired.

Thomas was run through the body by a lance near Malipar, in the East Indies.

Jude was shot to death with arrows.

Simeon Zelotes was crucified in Persia.

Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

Peter was crucified with his head downwards.

Paul, the last and chief of the apostles, also died by violence.

IF it is true that what we do results from what we are, it is no less true that what we are is largely the result of what we have done up to the present time. If the feelings and desires govern conduct, so does conduct, persistently pursued, modify, alter, and even gradually transform the feelings and desires. Thus the good will and the good deed progress together or perish together.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE. WIG

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artistes IN HAIR

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.

No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.

No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 20, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD,
1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING, LADIES AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING. None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

NEW PRICES
ON
Columbia Bicycles
The Standard of the World

1897 Columbias The best bicycles made,	REDUCED TO	$75
1896 Columbias Second only to 1897 Models,	REDUCED TO	60
1897 Hartfords Equal to most bicycles,	REDUCED TO	50
Hartfords PATTERN 2,	REDUCED TO	45
Hartfords PATTERN 1,	REDUCED TO	40
Hartfords PATTERNS 5 AND 6,	REDUCED TO	30

Nothing in the market approached the value of these bicycles at the former prices; what are they now?

POPE MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer; by mail from us for one 2-cent stamp.

Phila. and Reading Ry.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No cinders. Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.

Buffalo Day Express	daily 9.00 a m	Via L. V. R. R.
Parlor and Dining Car		
Black Diamond Express	Week-days	
For Buffalo, (Parlor Car)	12.30 p m	
Buffalo and Chicago Exp.	daily 7.30 p m	
Sleeping Cars,	9.45 p m	

Week-days, Williamsport Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m. Sundays, 9.05 a m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 7.30, (two hour train), 8.30, (two hour train), 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.00, 5.35, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.05 night. Sundays—8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.50 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.35, 5.30, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.05 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 4.00, 10.20, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 6.00, 8.24 (dining car), 11.58 p m. Sundays 4.00, 10.20 a m, 12.04, 4.10, 8.00, 8.24, 11.58 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00 (dining car), 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 (dining car), 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.25, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.20, 7.30, 9.45 p m. 9.45 p m daily and 4.20 p m Sunday, do not connect for Easton.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Perkiomen R. R. points, week days, 7.45, 9.15 a m, 1.42, 4.15, 5.37 p m. Sundays—7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.00, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 7.45, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00, 10.35 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 6.00, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 7.45, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 a m, 7.45 p m. Accom. 7.00 a m.

For Gettysburg, week-days—8.35, 10.10 a m. Sunday—4.00 a m.

For Chambersburg, week-days, 8.35 a m, 4.05 p m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m 4.05, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sunday—Express 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 1.42 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, week-days, 10.10 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut St. and South St. Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 1.30 (Saturdays only), 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.00, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY, OCEAN CITY AND SEA ISLE CITY.

Week-days, 8.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays—Chestnut street, 9.15 a m., South street, 5.00 a m. Additional for Cape May, week-days, 2.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1005 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.